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# SWATANTRA

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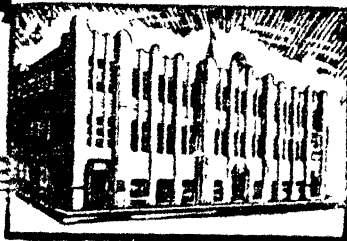
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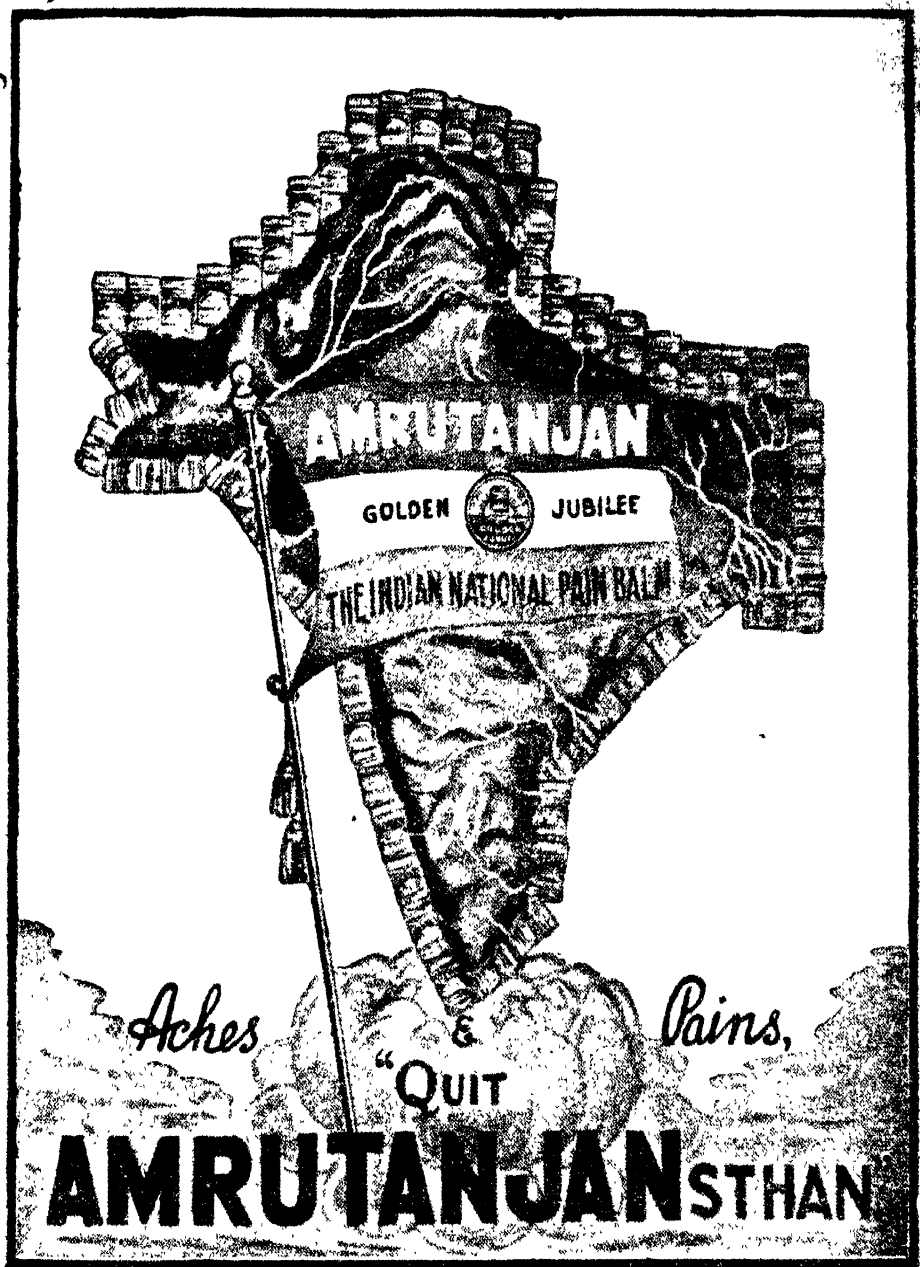
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# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO 15

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1949

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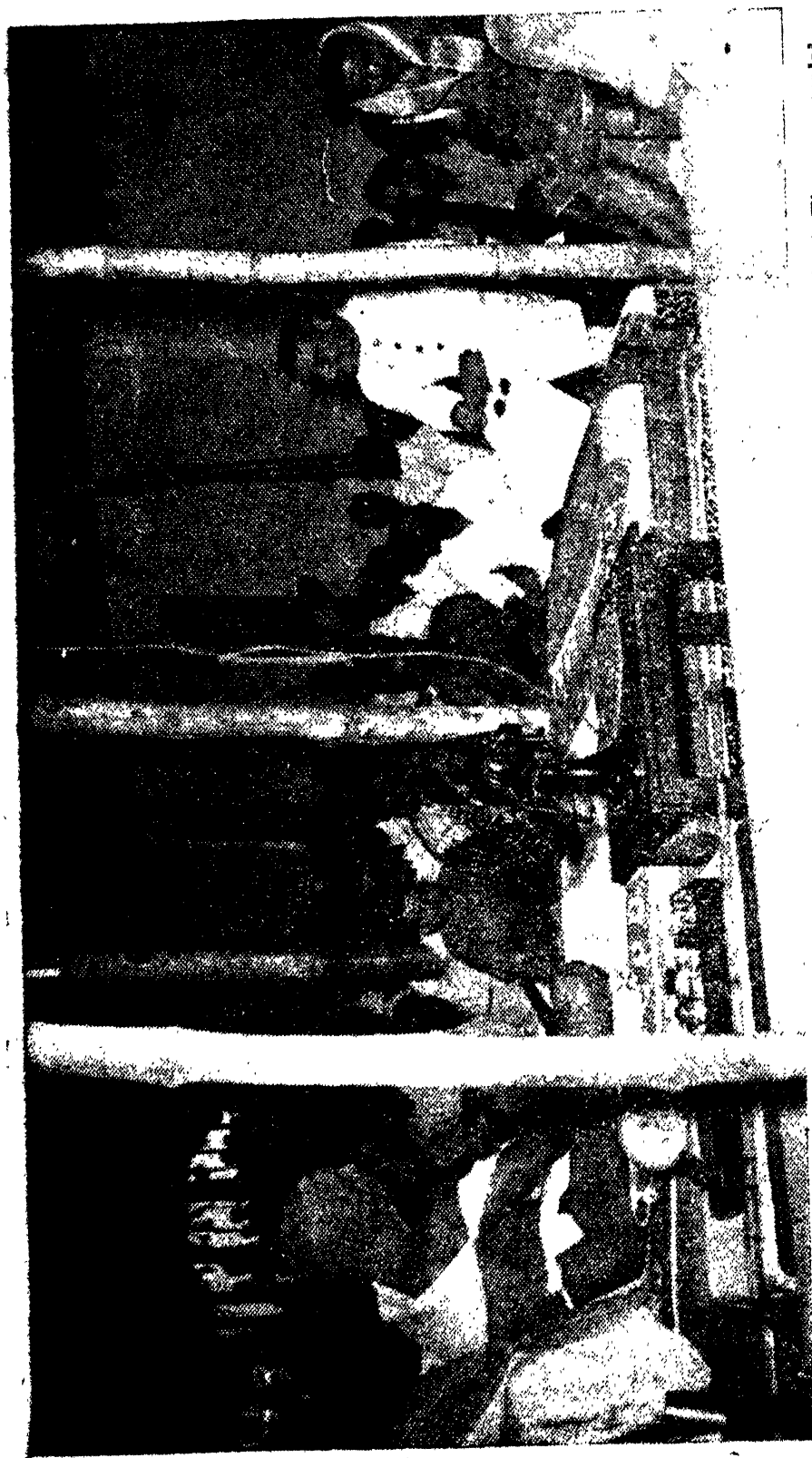
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H. E. the Governor of Madras and H. H. the Maharani at the ashram of Sri Ramana Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai on the 14th of this month.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV  
No. 15

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1949

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## AN ACT OF FAITH

**R**ACIAL relations formed the subject of a recent debate in the House of Commons, soon after the Commonwealth Prime Ministers had successfully concluded their meeting at London. Reginald Sorensen, Labour M. P. and a good friend of India, referred during the debate to a Letter to the Editor which had appeared in a South African newspaper. The correspondent held that a photograph, which the newspaper had carried, of Pandit Nehru and Dr. Malan sitting side by side while in Britain "must be a lie because Dr. Malan would never tolerate association with an Indian." Mr. Sorensen was deeply pained at the mentality represented by this letter.

We wonder how members of the Indian Constituent Assembly felt when they heard Maulana Hazrat Mohani speak, the other day, in criticism of the Commonwealth agreement negotiated by Pandit Nehru. The Maulana, it is reported, said that he felt ashamed when he read that Pandit Nehru had, at London, contacted Mr. Churchill and Dr. Malan "who were born enemies of India." Whatever the merits of the Commonwealth agreement (and only the future acts, according as they show wisdom or folly, of a number of nations including India, will really determine the value of that agreement) we must confess to a feeling of regret that Maulana Mohani should have made this particular remark. It seems to us to betray a mentality not very different from that of the South African white quoted by Mr. Sorensen.

So much of the futility of the discussions in the General Assembly and

the various subsidiary committees of the U.N.O. arises precisely from this habit of ascribing an irredeemable perversity to political opponents. In the debates between spokesmen of the blocs, no conversion is hoped for or attempted; it is, naturally, never effected. The Communist spokesmen shatter the very basis of any useful discussion by denying sincerity to the Western nations who claim that they, too, desire peace and the promotion of democracy and social justice. Ferocious denunciation of the other side, and extreme self-righteousness, inevitably mark all Soviet talk. Nor is there evidence that the Communist criticism of even very real defects leads to any heart-searching on the part of the Western nations. There are only retaliatory attacks on the defects of Communism. Thus the U.N.O., instead of facilitating a meeting of minds, has largely become—for no fault of the organisation itself—a forum for the clash of closed minds.

With this grim warning before us, it should be evident that the high aim of world peace and understanding which Pandit Nehru has set for India is unlikely to be realised if we should regard any individual or nation as a "born enemy of India" presumably destined to die as such. It was by refusing so to regard the British rulers, and by treating them as perfectible men who would respond to reason and moral force, that Gandhiji gave our national movement its distinctive character and international prestige. Yet most of the criticisms now levelled against the

Commonwealth agreement seem to spring from an ingrained distrust and dislike of Britain. This is expressed not least in the tendency to ascribe to the British Government an exaggerated anti-Indian bias. For instance, about South Africa at which the accusing finger is most often pointed, it seems to be forgotten that Britain is really powerless to enforce any policy on the Government of that Dominion. Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party, now in power there, has been only less uncertain than India in its attitude to the Commonwealth, and any serious 'interference' in South African affairs might possibly make the present Government declare for a Republic without any tie with the Commonwealth. For Malaya, to which also critics make frequent reference, the British Government does bear full responsibility. But even here, the just charge against colonial exploitation and repressive laws seems to have been mixed up with the fear, not borne out by available evidence, that Indian nationals in Malaya are being specially marked out for harsh treatment. As we sought to point out last week, Ganapathy was executed not because he was an Indian but because he was, like many others similarly executed, associated with a violent insurrection. This does not, of course, mitigate the brutality of the death sentence passed on a man whose conviction was on the sole count that he was in illegal possession of arms. In seeking to prevent such incidents in future, and in general to promote the interests of Indians in Malaya and other British colonies, our membership of the Commonwealth will, surely, strengthen our influence with Britain rather than lessen it.

Pandit Nehru has testified to the willingness and capacity of Commonwealth statesmen today for sincere mutual co-operation. What appealed to him greatly in London, he has said, was not merely the honourable and right solution reached, but the manner in which it was done. "The conference was a very good example of

various countries adjusting their differences and considering all difficult problems without passion and prejudice. If all other countries bring to bear the same approach to the consideration of world problems, fear and distrust will soon disappear." The contrast with the present atmosphere in the U.N.O. will be easily noticed.

What Pandit Nehru asks of the country now is something much less than the act of faith which Gandhiji wanted under the vastly more difficult conditions of British rule. All that the Prime Minister proposed, and which the Constituent Assembly has accepted, is that the country should join an experiment in international co-operation (terminable at will) which does not abridge our sovereignty and which will probably bring us material benefits in the fields of industrial and scientific development. The fear has been expressed that Russia will not like it. She will not. Neither do France and Holland like India for her stand on the question of colonies. It is entirely up to Indian statesmanship to pursue an independent foreign policy, uninfluenced by the fear of offending either bloc, and to the extent permitted by our resources, material and diplomatic.

## True, Or Untrue ?

THE MAIL dated May 18 contains the following:

"We do not know what the 'charges' are against some of the Ministers. We do not know what explanations the Ministers have given to such 'charges,' and in fact Dr. Rajendra Prasad does not know what the 'charges' are."

So observed the Premier, Mr. P. S. Kumaraswamy Raja today at his weekly Press conference at the Secretariat. What had been published in some papers as charges was 100 per cent. not true, if he might say so.

The INDIAN EXPRESS dated May 4 contained the following:

May 3: The so-called charges against the Ministers referred to by Mr. Prakasam in his Press statement yesterday were baseless and unfounded, said a

spokesman of the Ministry in an interview today. He expressed surprise that Mr. Prakasam should talk of charges again and again when the whole matter was enquired into by Dr. Rajendra Prasad and finally lodged after obtaining the explanation of the Ministers.

THE HINDU dated May 15 contained the following question and answer, the questioner being V. V. Prasad of *Central Features*, New Delhi:

Question: You are personally stated to have gone into some charges against Ministers in Madras. What are the results of your investigation?

Dr. Rajendra Prasad: I did not go into the charges. I referred them to the Ministers concerned. The Ministers sent in their replies. When those papers were received, I could not go into them because I was ill. I then ceased to be Congress President.

According to the spokesman of the Madras Ministry, "the whole matter (of the charges) was enquired into by Dr. Rajendra Prasad and finally lodged"; according to Dr. Rajendra Prasad, he "did not go into the charges"; according to the Premier Sri Kumaraswamy Raja, "Dr. Rajendra Prasad does not know what the charges are". As not going into the charges is not the same thing as not knowing them, what if Dr. Rajendra Prasad, or someone with a tolerable respect for the intelligence of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, were to claim that he "does know what the charges are"? Apparently such a claim will have to be dismissed as "not true" in the light of the truth shed by our Premier.

# Sotto Voce

Vintage Virtues



THE Government of India are said to be devoting serious attention to the problem of rehabilitation of the Princes. In one sense it must be easier to tackle than that of the toddy-tappers, for instance, as the number of distressed persons involved is much smaller. But, in another, it may be regarded as more urgent. The toddy-tappers, having made noisy demonstrations in one or two places, are perforce quiet, because in a land of chronic unemployment a few more or less don't seem to make much difference to the public apathy. But the Princes have ways of making themselves heard.

My grandmother used to make my flesh creep by an addition to the

Ramayana story which, so far as I know, is not to be found in any of the extant versions. One night in Ayodhya Sri Rama and Sita were pleasantly going over their recollections of their exile, when Sita with her artless simplicity expressed admiration for Ravana's immense prowess. Thereupon the royal couple were startled to hear right under their couch a subterranean rumble which was unmistakably like the ten-headed demon's multitudinous voice muttering imprecations. And Sri Rama, according to my grandmother, informed Sita that even a mere thought in their minds might have the power to call back something of that dread puissance. The Princely Order is now hardly more than an uneasy ghost; and yet it may be wise to lay it.



But I doubt whether the Princes can be broken in to Democracy by being given jobs. Some of them may make admirable Heads of Provinces. Others might make better ambassadors than some of the parvenus who are today adding to the gaiety of nations. But a scene I saw thirty years ago rises up like a spectre whenever I hear Princes and Democracy mentioned together. A crack cricket team had come from the North in which a Ruler and one of his employees were both prominent players. When of an evening the former was "taking the air" on the Marina reclining negligently in his limousine the assembled fans were shocked to find the other star doing homage in traditional style by placing his head beneath the princely toes.

I am not suggesting that the Princes may not adapt themselves to changed conditions. Some of them are born politicians, more astute than many of the professionals. And others may, beneath the princely veneer, be just as unprincipled careerists as any that are to be found among those less well-born. Forty years ago a Hindu who had changed his faith wished to marry off his only daughter to any young man from his old community who would take her. But, though he held out a tempting bait of fifty thousand rupees as dowry, no one, not even the resolute penniless youth who worked his way through school and begged his meal, would so much as look at the offer. That kind of pride is now very much at a discount.

But breeding is still a vintage virtue. Our Indian nobility, like nobility the world over, has a contribution to make to the maintenance of a balanced and healthy social tradition, if only we knew how to make use of it. Britain, the home of Democracy,

has still its House of Lords. True, while it is being continually replenished by retired ironmongers, the Percys and the De Veres are as systematically marrying into the Rothschilds or running away with cinema actresses. But the idea of a "Lord" is still potent. And the Americans, who affect to despise it, have their Boston Brahmins.

The intolerable burden of self-consciousness rarely afflicts the scion of a hierarchy. The Hindu king was so completely imbued with the traditional faith in the sacredness of his office that he was rarely confused by the limelight. There was a significant juxtaposition in this morning's paper of two news items. The Governor-General who came all the way to Tiruvannamalai to take part in a ceremony in honour of Sri Ramana Maharshi left the place without calling on the sage; the Maharaja of Bhavnagar and the Maharanee, who accompanied him, paid a visit to the Ashram.

There may have been perfectly cogent reasons for Mr. Rajagopalachari's self-denial—a sense of delicacy, a desire to spare the Maharshi, who is not in the best of health, all avoidable strain, the rigours of etiquette, and so on. I am only concerned to point out that when the Governor of the Province, who is in his own right a Prince, went to pay his respects to the saint the public took it as a matter of course. If C. R. had gone to the Ashram he and the Maharshi would probably have been mobbed by a crowd of noisy admirers. The republican Mr. Nehru has accepted Britain's hereditary king as the symbol of the Commonwealth. Could we not make better use of the symbols we have?

VIGHNESWARA

"When one has the State in view, one is working for oneself. The good of the one makes the glory of the other. When the State is happy, eminent and powerful, he who is the cause thereof is covered with glory, and as a consequence has a right to enjoy all that is most agreeable in life in a greater degree than his subjects in proportion to his position and theirs."—LOUIS XIV, king of France in the 16th cen.

# SIDELIGHTS: :

If ever this free people, if this government itself is ever utterly demoralised, it will come from this incessant human wriggle and struggle for office, which is but a way to live without work.  
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AS General Secretary of the Congress, Sri Kala Venkata Rao does not seem to have proved himself an asset to that national organisation. "Are we being asked to approve of this shame and disgrace?" writes the *National Herald* of Lucknow in indignant protest at a recent act of his in the capacity of Secretary. It would appear that the budget of the Cawnpore City Congress Committee runs into Rs. 90,000 a year and Sri Venkata Rao has invested with the imprimatur of the A.-I.C.C. the claim of the President of the Committee to collect funds from the city millowners. The *National Herald* writes:

Why the City Congress should require Rs. 90,000 a year passes our comprehension. To call the collection made by the City Congress from the millowners a levy may seem an exaggeration. But does it matter whether it is called a levy, a loot, a friendly extraction or bloodless surgery? When the City Congress President says that the millowners "being the wealthiest section of the community are approached to contribute liberally towards Congress funds" and that the "local Congress Committee has reason to feel grateful to the millowners for the spontaneous response which they always extend to it, both normally and in times of emergency," he is using obsequious language, forgetting that gratitude is not one-sided but two-sided. Does he mean to say that the millowners would not feel equally grateful to the Congress for any "spontaneous response" both normally and in times of emergency? Is the Congress to be grateful to the Singhanias and the Singhanias not to be grateful to the Congress? The City Congress President may have been emboldened by the national example of the industrialists' contribution to the Gandhi National Memorial Fund and we leave it to our leaders to say how far they have set an example or given a warning. For if every City Congress Committee is to follow the example and if every City Congress President thinks he is a Rajendra Prasad, Sardar Patel or Caesar's wife, Congress reputation will be mud. The risk of maintaining

the Congress as a multi-class organisation is great enough; it is nothing compared to the risk of allowing that organisation to be financed by a powerful class, now in the dock. If the Congress wants to stand convincingly for honesty in policy and action, in small as well as in big matters, it should see that it is not forced to oblige a powerful section of the people by being obliged. But in Cawnpore millowners have been raised to the level of the common man and Tilak Hall is being converted into Tammany Hall. Are we being asked to approve of this shame and disgrace?

Before he became Congress Secretary, Sri Kala Venkata Rao was the pivotal figure of the most factious element in the Madras Ministry. The choice of such a person as Congress Secretary was unfortunate. It has served to pack the Secretariat of the Congress organisation with the atmosphere of cliques. The oppressive influence of it still continues to act as a blight on the freedom of action of the leader of the Madras Congress Legislature Party. In the parliamentary system of government the privilege of choosing Ministers belongs to the leader of the majority party in the legislature who himself assumes the office of Premier. If the leadership is effective the choice is finished in a few hours. It is a sign of the ineffectiveness of the prevailing leadership that days have passed into weeks and weeks are passing into months, and yet there is no sign of the Premier having mastered enough of resolution to get through the first essential preliminary of his task, the completion of the Cabinet. The longer the completion of the Ministry is delayed, the more pitiable the spectacle of the helplessness of the leader, the more demoralising the atmosphere of drift, the more formidable the impression of wirepulling forces from behind spoiling the power and prestige of the office.

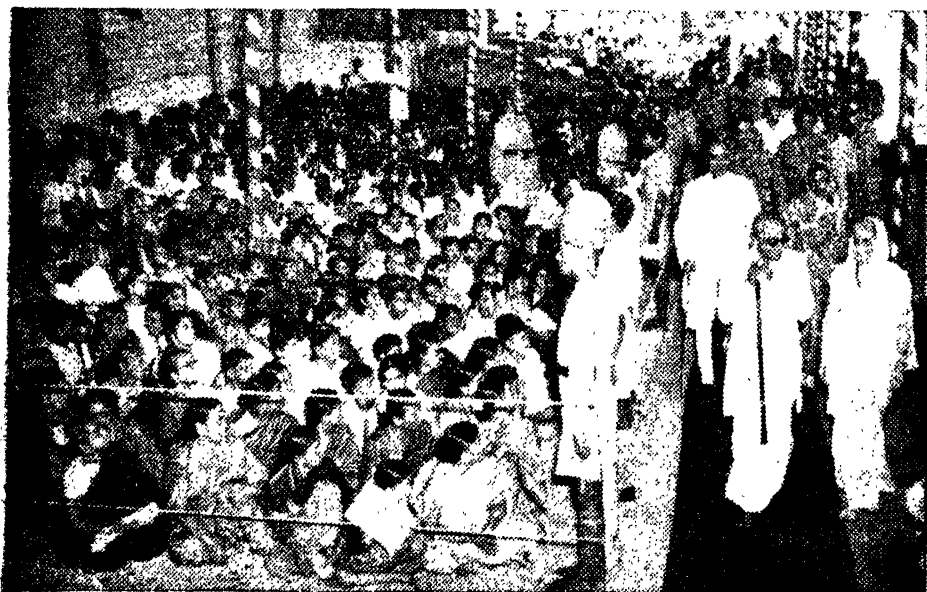
Sri Rajendra Prasad declared to an interviewer this week, "I can say that there is corruption on a large scale among Ministers and Government officials." Part of the corruption is no doubt due to the exhaustion of the

idealistic impetus which for so many years impelled Congress leaders to paths of sacrifice. Some of them apparently feel now that the time has come for them to pluck from the tree of freedom the fruit of the privations endured in the past. Choice leadership uncorrupted by the prevailing opportunism is not wholly lacking, however. But it is not able to make itself felt as it no longer contends for mastery on level ground. The centre of political gravity has passed on to the legislatures. At the time of the last elections, in the full flush of pride at the overwhelming preponderance of the Congress as a popular institution, the dispensers of the Congress tickets were far from conscientious in their choice of candidates. It was a common slogan then that any stick with the Congress badge on would win the election. Naturally, therefore, many legislators were returned who were no better than sticks for any public purpose. Momentous debates in the Madras Legislature are nowadays not infrequently greeted by half-empty benches. There are legislators who

have never once opened their lips, nor made any contribution to the study of any single question. The money spent on these out of public funds represents a waste.

Such legislators, worthless from a public standpoint, have made a good business out of their votes. The "corruption on a large scale among Ministers" spoken of by Dr. Rajendra Prasad is due to the achievement of ministerial positions by persons who have to pay heavily for keeping them, having little public support to fall back upon. In the Andhra area, in particular, State power in the hands of Ministers is mortgaged to party backers and impartial standards are fast disappearing from the administration. In the adroit use of public assets for group aggrandisement there are few who can hold a candle to Sri Kala Venkata Rao. In the wake of his elevation as Congress Secretary, the technique of partisan zest has to some extent replaced the detachment of earlier days in the working of that great national organisation.—SAKA.

#### GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT TIRUVANNAMALAI



H. E. C. Rajagopalachariar declared open the Pthalalingam Cave in the famous Tiruvannamalai Temple on Saturday last before a large gathering including H. H. The Maharajah of Bhavanagar, Maharani and others. Photo shows Their Excellencies arriving at the temple being escorted by Mrs. Frene Talayarkhan.

# SECULARISING RELIGION

By S. PARTHASARATHY

**R**AMAN had become my unfailing companion during the brief week-end sojourns to Swami Anuananda's Asramam. He had become transformed into an ardent and reverent admirer of Swamiji. On this recent visit, the Swamiji received us with a quizzical look. It made us somewhat uneasy in his presence. But he soon cleaned the air when with a broad smile, he posed the question: "So you have secularised religion?" Without pausing for an answer, he proceeded: "During the last few weeks, I have been reading some interesting items of news in your dailies. There was a Valmiki day where the products of your universities reminded the hearers of the greatness of Valmiki. There was a Lord Buddha day, where men with political backgrounds spoke of his greatness. There was a Gita day, where an eminent lawyer spoke about the need to modernise the eternal truths taught there. On the top of it all, you got the Governor-General of India 'to declare open' the Pathalalingam temple. To afford to the people such glimpses of the obvious are truly great acts. If spiritual ideas are thus going to overtake our politicians and intellectual men, it is time that an enterprising publisher brought out some smatter books on such subjects for their benefit.

"It sounded apocryphal when I heard it years ago—how an uncle of mine went on a pilgrimage to Benares accompanied by friends and relations. And how, on arriving at the bathing ghat, he took a sample of the water of Ganges in the hollow of his hand, gave it a penetrating look and a deep sniff and then announced to the members of his party that he did not propose to bathe as the holy waters were not sufficiently clean for him. Your beloved Rajaji who opened the Pathalalingam temple—where I presume a marble tablet perpetuating his and the donor's name has been erected—I hear, left Tiruvannamalai without seeing Maharishi who was at but a stone's throw from the place where he made a speech containing a short tribute to the Maharishi. He sought to assure his admirers by his

explanation for the interview that he granted to the leader of self-respecters on the sacred occasion. I am sure that he did not similarly seek to assure the leader of self-respecters by his omission to pay his respects to the Maharishi.

"In the tribute that he paid to Maharishi, there was a delicate hint of personal disassociation with the quality of Maharishi's greatness. 'Maharishi,' he said, 'had made India great in *his own way*. When Swami Vivekananda spoke to the western world in the nineties of the last century, he said: 'Asia produce giants in spirituality even as the Occident produces giants in politics and science. These spiritual giants seek to give to the whole world the vision of the Supreme, to lay bare before men the secrets of human nature, and to tear away the veil, as it were, that divides the real from the apparent man. Therein lies the strength that has made us invincible through hundreds of years of oppression and invasion and foreign tyranny. The nation (India) lives today and in that nation, even in the days of her direst disaster, spiritual giants have never failed to arise.' How true were those words! Today, with our moral character at the lowest ebb and with our questioning of the very existence of the Divine, we still have such giants. There is Sri Anandamayi in the North, there is Sri Aurobindo in the East, there is Sri Ramana Maharishi in the South, and there is Sri Ramdass in the West. They make India great not in their own ways, but in the one and only true way.

"When Pandit Nehru visited England recently, he took the opportunity to call on George Bernard Shaw. Bernard Shaw is undoubtedly one of the world's greatest thinkers and it was indeed a rare thought that took Nehru to Shaw. But such similar thoughts do not come to our politicians in this country. There was a South Indian, great in his own way, who was always questioning me about the motor and rail routes that he should take to visit the Ramana-

sramam. He never made the visit. There is a popular notion that until people have decided to do away with worldly affairs, they should not approach the presence of these men for fear of being compelled to abjure material life. There are others who think that these Yogins will strip their minds naked and reveal all the evil in them. Nothing can be farther from the truth. For these men are interested if at all in seeing only the divine in the people before them. They can if they choose shower the gifts of Silence and of the Ego-less state on those who seek them. But you may ask 'Are they welcome gifts to our jabbering politicians? Is it possible to be a successful politician without being garrulous and vain?' Let the world decide the question. I do not desire such successful politicians.

"In the olden days, our rulers and their ministers frequently sought the company of spiritual giants and received their blessings and guidance to enable them to discharge their duties to the people and to the country satisfactorily. Your Governor-General often counsels people to be full of tolerance and love to men whom you think to be your opponents in the political and religious spheres. Your new Premier says that he has recognised the need of the people for a good and efficient government. How

are these objectives to be attained? You cannot preach tolerance and love successfully unless they come from your heart and reach other hearts. You cannot ensure good government, unless you choose as ministers men who are good and efficient.

"In the whirligig of political intrigues and material ambitions, how can you expect men to stick to abstract ideals of tolerance, love and good government. There must be some influence stronger than mere wishful thinking to keep them bound to such ideals. Mahatma Gandhi had demonstrated how he can approach the hearts of men and how he can mix spiritualism and politics and how he can separate religion and bigotry. Men like Maharishi achieve the same result in a different and more enduring way. They are capable of yielding correct guidance silently and without even the recipient being aware of the source.

"It is good that our people have begun to take an interest in the lives of these great men. But spirituality should not be cultivated because it is fashionable to profess it or because it adds spice to conversation in the drawing rooms. In the absence of a true yearning for spiritual life, one should sheer away from it. I do not mind if your politicians secularise the State, but let them not attempt to secularise God and religion."

Napoleon had the faculty, when he chose, of creating a fool's paradise for himself. In the Russian campaign he had, for example ordered his marshals to operate with armies which he knew had ceased to exist. When they remonstrated he simply replied, "why rob me of my calm?" When the Allies invaded France he professed to rely greatly on the army of Marshal MacDonald. "Would you like," said the Marshal to Beugnot "to review my army? It will not take you long. It consists of myself and my chief of staff. Our supplies are four straw chairs and a plank table."—Lord Rosebery in "Napoleon—The Last Phase."

I never make the mistake of arguing with people for whose opinion I have no respect.—GIBBON.

The fundamental cause of trouble in the world today is that the stupid are cocksure while the intelligent are full of doubt.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

The essence of courage is not that your heart should not quake, but that nobody else should know that it does.—E. F. BENSON.

How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

# KERALA, THE LAND OF COCONUTS

**CAPE COMORIN:** I travelled fifteen hundred miles in this hot weather and came here, impelled by the sentimental desire to stand on the southern-most edge of India, and to take a dip in the sea 'where three oceans meet'.

Many others, great men and small men, have come here in the past, drawn by much the same idea. Swami Vivekananda lived here for some time and is reputed to have meditated on one of the rocks that lie half-submerged in the sea, just beyond land's end. Gandhiji, too, came here and is said to have performed the opening ceremony of the Vivekananda Library. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, inveterate wanderer, came to the Cape and found it "amazingly peaceful," as he has recorded in his *Autobiography*.

Lesser men come here by the dozen every day, some to stay for just one day and night (to see the sunset and the sunrise), others like me to make a longer stay. It is amazingly peaceful here and, as I type these lines, the only sounds I can hear (beside the rattling of the typewriter) is the surf beating on the half-mile long rocky beach that represents the southern-most point on the map of India.

There is something fascinating—and also frightening—in the idea that our vast country, tapering down to a narrow beach, finally merges into the sea at this point and, as we look southwards, beyond it there is no India.

## THE END AND THE BEGINNING

This is where India ends. Also this is where India begins. It depends on one's point of view, and on one's mood. In the evening one can walk down half a mile to the western extremity of the beach and be saddened by watching the orange ball of the sun sinking in the Arabian Sea. Or one can get up early in the morning and walk two furlongs to the east and be heartened to see the same sun emerging

from the Bay of Bengal. The drama of death and rebirth is daily enacted here.

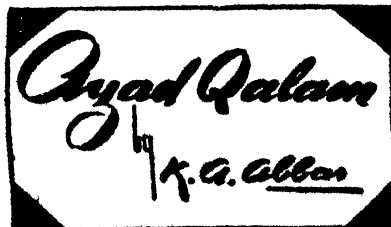
There is hardly any population here—just a temple, a hotel for tourists, a P.W.D. Rest House, a sleepy post office and a police post, and not even enough permanent residents to form a village. The land is rocky or sandy and nothing much is grown here except some palms and some other hardy species of trees. It appears as if all the fertility of India was exhausted by the time it reached this southern-most edge. But there is mineral wealth in the sea and in the sands that are washed ashore in these parts including precious chemicals like monosite which are required for production of atomic energy.

This is where India ends—with all her wealth and poverty, her glory and her shame, her problems and politics, communities and controversies. The road which (connected by other roads) starts from as far north as Srinagar in Kashmir finally reaches its journey's end here and literally disappears into the sea. 'From Kashmir To Cape Comorin'—at last the orator's phrase assumes the shape of reality.

This is where India ends—and Cape Comorin is a salutary reminder that even the largest country extends only up to its extremities, beyond which lies the sea of oblivion. The vast stretch of the Gangetic plain, extending from Delhi to Calcutta, is likely to give illusions of greatness which this barren narrow tip of India does much to remove, and thus to restore a balanced perspective of our country.

## KEEP OUT!

This is where India begins—with all her differences of caste, creed and language; with all her troubles and conflicts, all her political, economic and social problems. No sooner you turn your back to the sea and look inwards, upwards, you are face to face with



India and the differences that divide one Indian from another. You are not allowed to forget them even here where India ends!

A few yards from the edge of the beach, India greets you in the form of some sign-boards which stand near the entrance to the compound that encloses the southernmost tip of the Cape.

In no less than eight languages (Malayalam, Tamil, Telugu, Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, Canarese and Urdu) you are warned that: **ADMISSION IS RESTRICTED TO PERSONS WHO PROFESS THE HINDU RELIGION.** Indians who happen to be Muslims, Christians, Parsees, Sikhs, Agnostics and Athiests, **KEEP OUT!**

A similar sign-board is posted at the temple of Kanya Kumari (the Virgin Goddess after whom the Cape is named, "Comorin" being a European corruption of "Kumari") and, indeed, at all the temples in South India. But this compound does not enclose a temple but ground that is hallowed in a different sense, hallowed because it represents the unique extremity of our country; and therefore, significant and sacred for every patriot—be he Hindu or non-Hindu. (*Khak-e-watan ka mujh ko har zarra devata hai*—Every particle of the earth of my motherland is sacred to me, sang Iqbal).

This is not temple land but another sign-board informs you how the non-Hindus came to be kept out of it. It reads:

"It is hereby notified with the sanction of His Highness the Maharaja (of Travancore) that the lands lying to the south of the Cape Comorin temple and the Mathru and Pithru theerathams, the Bathing Ghats and stone mandapam attached there and surrounding places on the beach are declared as the sanketham of the Cape Comorin temple."

I am writing this to explain why, after travelling fifteen hundred miles in this hot weather, I have not been able to carry out my sentimental desire to stand at the southernmost edge of India and to take a dip in the sea where three oceans meet—because in the **SECULAR REPUBLIC of India** a Maharaja has still got the power to

declare certain citizens of India 'untouchables' in respect of such significant bits of their country as the Cape Comorin.

#### MINORITY PROBLEM

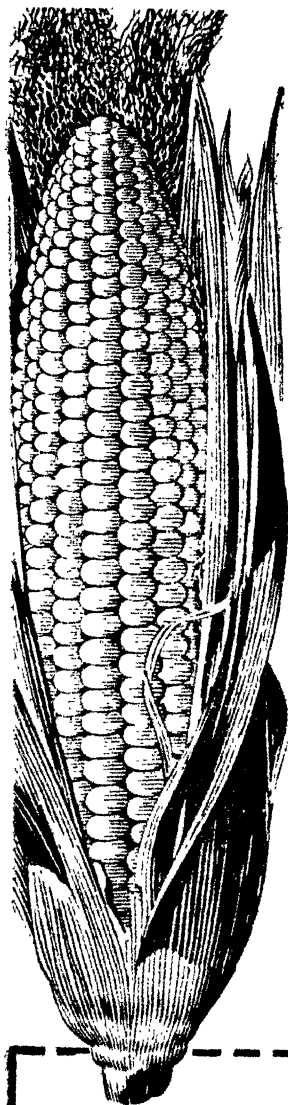
And so let us turn our back to the Cape and face the problems and paradoxes, conflicts and controversies of this country of ours. There is no escape from them beyond the Comorin and, inevitably, one must turn back, and inwards.

Six miles from the Cape is the beautiful thousand-year old temple of Suchindaram. Its exterior is adorned by some of the finest and most intricate stone carvings. I have ever seen, and a signboard which reads: **ADMISSION IS RESTRICTED TO PERSONS WHO PROFESS THE HINDU RELIGION.** Incidentally, in its compound is an enormous temple cart (it requires over a thousand men to drag it at festival time) which is exquisitely carved with figures in amorous postures which would never, never pass the morality standards of our Morarjibhai and the Bombay Board of Film Censors!

For some miles around Suchindaram lie the southern talukas of the Travancore State which abound in paddy fields and the Tamil problem of Travancore. The State, along with Cochin (with which it is shortly to be merged) and the Malabar districts of Madras Presidency, forms a part of the Malayalam-speaking area of Kerala which patriotic Keralites wish to see united into one administrative unit. But there are half a million (or more, as some Tamilians claim) inhabiting parts of Travancore especially the southern talukas around the Cape where they are in an overwhelming majority who demand union with the adjoining Tamil Nad of the Madras Presidency.

And thus by the time we have travelled a dozen miles from the Cape and reached Nagarkoil (literally 'Snake Temple'), we are in the midst of what is not only a bitter and fierce controversy but a lingual feud which threatens to transform this otherwise peaceful area into a potential Sudetenland or Pakistan. Only a week or two ago, a regular Satyagraha campaign had been launched by the Tamilians who are organised under their own 'Travancore Tamil Nad Con-

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gress Committee'; copies of the Travancore State Gazette and 'Travancore Information' and postal stamps of the State were being publicly and symbolically burnt; and the leaders of the T.T.N.C.C. (sounds dynamite-ic) were under arrest. It was only through the intervention of Sri Kamaraj Nadar, the President of the Tamil Nad Congress Committee, who came from Madras, that the Satyagraha was withdrawn and the leaders released.

But the problem is far from solved. There is general bitterness, an accumulation of legitimate and imagined grievances that all minorities inevitably accumulate, a virulent anti-Malayalee campaign in the Tamil press of this area, charges of Malayalees' planning the extermination of Tamilians (which are fantastic) and the allegation that the Tamil-speaking area has suffered from neglect and will continue to thus suffer if it is retained in the Malayalee-speaking Kerala (which is perhaps true).

The problem is further complicated by the fact that (free from the picturesque but agriculturally unproductive backwaters and forests which abound in other parts of Travancore) this area is the 'rice granary' of Travancore and, without it, the State (which is already a deficit area in the matter of food) would almost starve. That is why the Travancoreans are so reluctant to let these talukas be merged with Tamil Nad. I don't see any reason, however, why an amicable settlement cannot be arrived at by which the Tamilians get their self-determination and the Malayalees get their rice!

#### A GREAT POET

But from Nagarkoil you can take a bus and escape the din of the Malayalee-Tamil controversy and, in the midst of a vast expanse of green paddy fields, come to the village of Putheri and call on Desika Vinayakam Pillai who is not only the greatest living Tamil poet but one of the truly great poets of modern India. At the age of 74, suffering from asthma and eczema, his mind is still as active as ever and he can discuss politics, literature, archaeology, history, mythology or philology, being a scholar with an astonishing range of interests. He has written several volumes of original

verses as well as translated "Light of Asia" and "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"—both in Tamil verse.

Talking to him, one is conscious of being in contact with a real seer who has not lost touch with the modern world and is equally at home talking about the poetry of Kamban (Tamil poet of the 12th century who wrote Ramayana in Tamil) and the rights and wrongs of linguistic provinces. Which brings us back to the whirlpool of the Malayalam-Tamil controversy, from which we were trying to escape.

And so we take the road back to Trivandrum, through thickly clustered palms and plantains and lush tropical vegetation. This is Kerala—the land of cocoanuts—and we take a closer look at it next week.

#### STRAWS IN THE WIND?

CAPE TOWN: A Bill has been moved in the South African Parliament to prohibit marriages between European and non-European Christians.

BERLIN: The British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, said here today that the "clouds are lifting" and that when the Council of Foreign Ministers met in Paris on May 23 it would be to decide "the basis of a final peace settlement."—P. T. I.—Reuter.

#### HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: Gokulchand Morarka, a millionaire mill-owner of Bombay, was sentenced to six months' R. I. and fined Rs. 1,000 by Mr. K. J. Khambata, Presidency Magistrate, who found him guilty of a charge of offering a bribe of rupees one lakh to Inspector Miranda of the Anti-Corruption Branch of the city police.

NEW DELHI: The Working Committee of the All-India Hindu Mahasabha has decided to observe May 28, the birthday of Mr. Savarkar, as the "Hindu Mahasabha Day" when public meetings would be held all over the country to explain the new programme of the Mahasabha. This day will also witness an intensive campaign for enrollment of membership.

Sri Ramnandan Misra, the Socialist leader, who is now on a tour of Tamil Nadu and Kerala, will be returning to Madras on the 26th instant and will be staying the day here, at Woodlands'.

# MADRAS MINISTERS AND THE CONGRESS ENQUIRY

[ By Dr. N. VENKATARAMANAYYA, M.A., Ph.D.

**T**HERE is something phoney about the manner in which the Congress authorities are proceeding to enquire into the charges levelled against Madras Ministers by some members of the Madras legislature. Though the charges were made soon after the formation of the Omandur Ministry, the public were not aware of them until recently, and they would have still remained ignorant had it not been for the controversy going on in the Madras press about the formation of the Madras Cabinet. The matter was first casually referred to by Mr. T. Prakasam in a memorandum which he handed over to Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja, the present Madras Premier, to be forwarded to the Congress Parliamentary Board. It is stated there that Mr. Raja included in his Cabinet seven Ministers of the Omandur Cabinet with charges pending against them. These charges were published in a section of our press; and some of them are, indeed, serious in character and demand enquiry. It is interesting that our present Premier found persons against whom such charges had been levelled, worthy to be included in his Cabinet. These Ministers should not have accepted the offer of the Premier until exonerated. Though Mr. Kumaraswami Raja has denied all knowledge of these charges at the time he chose his colleagues, Mr. Bhaktavatsalam, one of the prominent members of his Cabinet, has admitted that the charges against the Ministers had been there for some time. How long these charges had been pending against these Ministers, he does not, however, make clear. But Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, ex-Revenue Minister of Madras and the present General Secretary of the Congress has thrown some welcome light on the matter in a statement published in the press on 9th May. "The All-India Congress Committee office," he says, "has on file some complaints made by seven Madras legislators about 18 months

ago. The then Congress President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, called for an explanation by the Ministers and comprehensive replies were received in the A.-I.C.C. office some months ago." The leisurely manner in which this matter is dealt with by the A.-I.C.C. Secretariat serves as a sad commentary on its efficiency. Why the Congress President and his Secretaries allowed 18 long months to pass without arriving at any decision on this matter is far from clear. Dr. Rajendra Prasad did not obviously dispose of the charges as a section of the pro-ministerial Madras press would have us believe, "for, according to the General Secretary of the Congress, some of the Madras Ministers made an oral representation to the Congress President, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, requesting him to examine the complaints and their replies and give the decision of the Parliamentary Board." If Dr. Rajendra Prasad had really come to a decision on this matter, as is alleged in the Madras pro-ministerial press, the Ministers complained against would not have requested the present President of the Congress, Dr. Pattabhi, to rake up a matter which had already been decided in their favour. One of the Ministers complained against by the seven legislators is Mr. Kala Venkata Rao himself. It is very probably at his instance that the Congress President has ordered a preliminary enquiry. Though the President is not disposed to take the public into his confidence and divulge how and by whom this enquiry is to be conducted, the General Secretary of the Congress has indicated the lines on which it is expected to be carried on. Perhaps the Congress President will examine the complaints and the replies of the Ministers, as stated by Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, the General Secretary of the Congress. Mr. Bhaktavatsalam, an erstwhile colleague of Mr. Venkata Rao, who appears to have an inkling of the working of the mind of the Congress President, also believes that

the enquiry might be by examining the 'charges' and other relevant matter and not necessarily by personal contact.

In some Telugu newspapers, it is stated that the Congress President has appointed Mr. Sankar Rao Deo, one of the Congress Secretaries, to enquire into the matter. If this is true, it is indeed unfortunate; for, Mr. Deo is a colleague of Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, one of the persons whose conduct is the subject of the enquiry. Moreover, Mr. Deo does not possess the necessary detachment of mind to conduct the enquiry in a strictly dispassionate and impartial manner.

The method of enquiry adopted by the Congress President is far from satisfactory, and it is not at all likely to allay public suspicion. To begin with, the Madras legislators as well as the rank and file of the Congress bureaucracy are the servants of the Congress Party. Their attitude would have been correct, if every subject of the Indian Union is a Congressman. Though the Congress is without doubt the biggest political party, it is by no means the whole nation. Large masses of people still do not owe allegiance to the Congress. They do not accept its ideology and approve of its policies. By accepting office, the Ministers, like all the other employees of the State, have become public servants. They are responsible not only to their party but also to all the people of the Indian Union. It is not therefore just to treat the matter as a party question and deal with it accordingly. The complaining legislators should have sent their complaint not to the Congress President but to the Government of India.

Another important reason why the enquiry should not be held under the auspices of the Congress Party is the position and the influence of the personalities involved. One of the Ministers complained against is Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, the ex-Revenue Minister of Madras and the present General Secretary of the Congress. Before his selection as Secretary, Mr. Kala Venkata Rao was one of the staunch henchmen of Dr. Pattabhi the

present President of the Congress. The services of Mr. Venkata Rao to Dr. Pattabhi during the Congress presidential election cannot be easily underrated. It was mainly through his instrumentality that the President of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee lent his wholehearted support to the Doctor's candidature. The Doctor did not forget his friends. He rewarded them adequately. Mr. Venkata Rao got the General Secretaryship of the Congress; and the President of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee found a place in the Working Committee of the Congress. The other Ministers against whom charges are levelled are leaders of important groups in the Madras Legislature Congress Party. They are persons of considerable influence in Congress circles. It is doubtful whether under these circumstances any enquiry conducted by the Congress President or the Congress High Command can be dispassionate and impartial. Even if they transcend their limitations and hold the scales of justice evenly, it won't be easy for them to dispel the feelings of suspicion that have crept into the minds of the people.

The only reasonable course which the Congress can adopt in the matter is to appoint a judicial committee under the presidentship of the Chief Justice of the Federal Court to enquire into the matter. It is advisable, in appointing the personnel of the committee, to avoid South Indians completely as their views are likely to be coloured by personal prejudices and local animosities. The appointment of a judicial committee is imperatively necessary to inspire confidence in the minds of the people. The high traditions of administration established by the British seem to have departed with them. The cry of bribery and corruption is heard everywhere. People are rapidly losing their faith in the impartiality, integrity and justice of the Government. It is high time that the Congress Government woke up to its responsibilities and concerted measures for reviving the faith of the people in the Government.

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Abuse is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence. His name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground.—DR. JOHNSON.

# STRANGER THAN FICTION

## THE STORY OF ANTON TREBETSCH-LINCOLN

By R. H. SMITH

**H**AD you been standing in the debar-kation enclosure at Tempelhof Aerodrome in Berlin on a chill night in late Autumn, 1936, you could not have failed to note the muffled, saturnine figure who stepped off the plane from Geneva. Your disbelieving gaze would have followed him as he walked slowly across the runway to enter the large Mercedes car, with swastika flags on its fenders and a little army of salaaming Nazi officials clustered around it, in attitudes as puzzled as your own.

For the passenger from Geneva dressed in long Tibetan furs, with a yak-trimmed, conical hat was an Hungarian-born Buddhist monk from Lhasa, known as "Master Kung"—in real life, the mysterious Anton Trebetsch-Lincoln, ex-Member of Parliament, behind the scenes adviser to Amanullah, the ill-fated Amir of Afghanistan, World War I spy extraordinary, and most recently, abbot of a monastery in a remote fastness of North China. *He had come to Berlin to convert Adolf Hitler to the religion of the Buddha!*

Bits and snatches of the story of Trebetsch-Lincoln had crept into the foreign office files of half a dozen European States, and of many of the countries of Asia, long before that night at Tempelhof Aerodrome. Pieced together from the police records of most of the capitals of the world, they combine to make a legend of intrigue and high adventure that shames the pages of Oppenheim and Ambler. Yet, the story is fact, and incredible as it sounds, has woven itself deeply into the pages of contemporary history in refreshing disproof of the theory that principles of economics, rather than brazen personalities, are the exclusive fashioners of world events.

It all began in an obscure village in Central Hungary, no one is able to say exactly how long ago. Rough estimates place the date of "Master Kung's" birth somewhere in the late eighties of the last century. He was christened Anton Trebetsch-Lincoln out of his father's passionate admiration for the American Civil War President. As

a boy, young Anton roamed the hillsides near Budapest, seeking such innocent adventure as was to be found in the quiet pastoral life of rural Europe a half century ago.

Eventually about the age of 15, he forsook the parental fireside to seek his fortune in the great cities. One by one, he drifted aimlessly through Vienna, Berlin, Paris, until finally he landed a small job in London. He remained and prospered. A decade later he moved to a quiet country town near London, where, "through the seduction of his manner and a well considered generosity," he was readily admitted to the cheerful and sung society of English suburbandom.

He became, in time, such a favourite that he was nominated by his adopted countrymen to represent their constituency in Parliament. He won the ensuing election and once again returned to the active life he had so long and quietly hungered for.

Came 1914 and the war with Germany. Came also the debut of Trebetsch-Lincoln as an international figure. The latter event was effected through the visit to his London apartment of a stranger sometime in August 1915. The stranger introduced himself as a former attache at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy and offered Trebetsch-Lincoln £5,000 in return for his services as an espionage agent for the Central Powers in their war against his adopted motherland. Because little is known about the personal character of Trebetsch-Lincoln, it is difficult to assign the motive which prompted him to accept. Whether lured by the promise of a sizable reward, or by the prospect of fresh adventure, he took the money and embarked upon his fabulous career, the final chapter of which remains even now unwritten.

All during the remainder of World War I, he trafficked in the high military secrets of his adopted country, earning fantastic sums, and a reputation among espionage circles for daring and great skill. He remained, on the surface, a respected Member of Parliament, moving in the highest

circles, an intimate of Mr. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill.

But it didn't last. At the close of the war, with most of his dirty work done, he made a minor slip and was discovered. His detection was on a relatively minor count when compared to his activities as a master spy, but one that was sufficiently "aromatic" to get him impeached from Parliament and exiled for life from the United Kingdom.

He travelled through Europe on his ill-gotten gains, stopping briefly in the northern capitals before finally settling down on the south coast of France. At Monte Carlo he again insinuated himself into the highest social circles, and was a frequent guest, under an assumed name, of visiting kings and merchant princes. He played tennis with Gustav of Sweden, hobnobbed with cinema and turf celebrities, and opened his own villa where he entertained as lavishly as his new found friends.

It was on the Cote d'Azur that he made the acquaintance of the bon-vivant and wit, Amanullah, Amir of Afghanistan. The Muslim monarch and his pretty, emancipated wife were on their return journey to Kabul from a world tour. By what wiles few would be able to say, Trebetsch-Lincoln got himself invited to join Amanullah's retinue, Afghanistan-bound. In Kabul he became unofficial adviser and companion to the Amir.

In Amanullah's absence, however, intrigue and jealousy had gripped his court. Prompted by his uncle and brothers, who plotted against his rule from the plush safety of an Italian villa, *agents provocateur* in the guise of outraged mullahs had been sent scampering into the wild Afghan hill-country with photographs of the Queen in low-cut evening gowns worn at a score of European dinner parties during the royal tour. The photos enraged the Amir's conservative Muslim subjects, and with their backing a *coup d'etat* was plotted.

In Kabul, Trebetsch-Lincoln, still the master-spy, got wind of the plot, and warned his boss barely in time for the royal pair to effect a successful escape by motor-car and aeroplane to Iran. Trebetsch-Lincoln resolved to stay behind, however, and continue his Asiatic travels. Disguised as a Pathan merchant from Peshawar, he

managed a leisurately escape across north-west Afghanistan into India.

He was next heard of in Lhasa, the snow-bound, virtually inaccessible capital of the Dalai Lamas of Tibet. Although he was known by British and Russian intelligence agents as a European, he affected the dress and customs of a Tibetan nobleman, and rose to high rank as a personal confidant of the Dalai Lama, living for a while in the *Potala*, that vast citadel which has looked down from the heights of Lhasa upon a thousand panoramic years of Tibetan history, and which is itself, a treasure-house of antiquities.

Trebetsch-Lincoln became a serious student of Tibetan Buddhism and was sent to represent the Potala community of monks at a religious conclave at Peking, from where, instead of returning to Tibet, he founded a world association of Buddhists which embraced members in Tokio, Bangkok, Calcutta, London, Berlin and New York. It was in the capacity of religious revivalist that he arranged the 1936 interview with Hitler.

Obviously Der Fuhrer didn't bite. Whether Hitler, the Buddhist, would have behaved himself differently than Hitler, the power politician, is a subject upon which I do not feel equipped to speculate.

From Berlin, "Master Kung" went to Tokyo to try the same conversion tactics with Hirohito and, according to John Nesbitt, the American Journalist, did succeed in becoming something of a close adviser to the Jap. Emperor. At any rate, it is known that Trebetsch-Lincoln remained in Tokyo close to Imperial circles until Pearl Harbour. Then he vanished.

Where did he go? What has happened to him? These are questions which have been answered in a thousand different ways by traders and merchants, diplomatic attaches and foreign correspondents, off and on during the nearly ten years since he was last seen. The fact is that today the whereabouts of Anton Trebetsch-Lincoln, mystery-man of two continents, are entirely unknown. Perhaps he has returned to Tibet, or may be to that tiny village in Central Hungary from whence he began his strange life of wanderlust and adventure so many forgotten years ago. Perhaps? But no one knows.

# LUIS MUNOZ MARIN—PUERTO RICO'S POPULAR GOVERNOR

**T**HE adjective "popular" has special significance when applied to Puerto Rico's new governor, Luis Munoz Marin. He is the first Puerto Rican Chief Executive to be elected to office by popular vote.

Furthermore, his election was not simply a personal triumph. Through it the majority of Puerto Rico's two million inhabitants stamped their approval of Munoz Marin's position as interpreter of their popular aspirations concerning evolution toward complete self-government.

The election itself, it will be recalled, came about as the result of United States Congressional action providing that from 1948 on Puerto Ricans were to have control of the executive as well as the legislative power in the island.

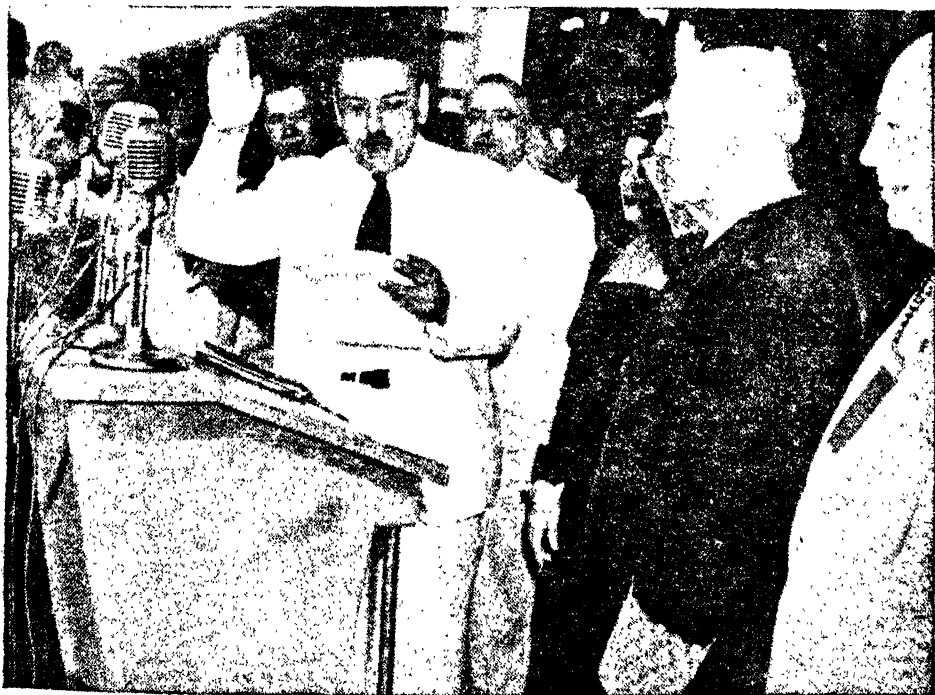
Since 1900, Puerto Rico's governors had been appointed by the U. S. President. The last so appointed was Jesus T. Pinero, a native Puerto Rican.

Before that, for four centuries following Columbus' discovery of the Caribbean island, Puerto Rico's destiny was in the hands of captains-general appointed by the Spanish throne.

Puerto Rico was ceded to the United States in 1898, under terms of the Treaty of Paris ending the Spanish-American war.

After two years of military rule, a civilian government was established in 1900 with the passage of the First Organic Act. This law also provided for popular election of representatives to the Lower House of the island's Legislature.

Soon afterward the Puerto Rican people were also granted the power to elect a Resident Commissioner, who sits in the U. S. House of Representatives in Washington as a non-voting representative of the islanders and has full authority to introduce and comment on legislation and to partici-



The Governor takes the oath of office administered by the Chief Justice

pate as a member of Congressional committees.

Since 1917, when the U.S. Congress passed the present Organic Act, Puerto Rico has had a fully elective bicameral legislature. The same act granted United States citizenship to Puerto Ricans.

In 1947 the Organic Act was amended to authorize the election of a native governor and to give him authority to appoint all members of his cabinet except the Auditor. The latter post, now held by Rafael de J. Cordero, a native of the island, is subject to appointment by the U. S. President. Members of the Puerto Rican Supreme Court, all of whom at present are natives of the island, also are appointed by the U. S. Chief Executive.

The election campaign for the governorship began on August 15, 1948, when three Puerto Rican political parties nominated their candidates. The nominations were made at mass meetings in Parque Sixto Escobar in San Juan, the island's capital.

Eighty per cent of all eligible voters, men and women, participated in the voting, which took place on November 2, 1948.

The future political status of the island was a major campaign issue. Of the three contending parties, one asked the people to vote in favour of immediate incorporation as a full-fledged state of the United States. The second advocated complete independence.

On election day the people gave a decisive 62 per cent majority of their votes to Munoz Marin's Popular Democratic Party, which advocated no drastic change in the present political set-up and placed major emphasis on full local self-government and economic development.

During the past fifty years Puerto Rico has received large-scale economic aid from the United States Government. However, due to the island's small size (it is only 100 miles long and 35 wide), its lack of natural resources—including an almost total absence of mineral deposits—and its large population, Puerto Rico's economic situation is a chronically difficult one.

Munoz Marin once summed the problem up as follows:

"Puerto Rico has the most favourable economic situation in the world relative to the most prosperous market and the one most coveted by all countries, which is the market of the United States.

"It is favourable over that of all the independent countries because, in addition to other factors, its products do not pay a single cent of duty upon entry into the United States. It is also favourable over any of the 48 states of the United States, because Puerto Rico does not pay a single cent of tax to the Federal Treasury of the United States, while the inhabitants of each state pay many millions of dollars every year in taxes to the Treasury of the United States."

Posing the rhetorical question of why, then, was there still poverty in Puerto Rico, despite the progress which has been made and in spite of the enormous effort of recent years, he said:

"The answer is clear: Because notwithstanding its favourable relationship with the greatest market in the world, the condition of Puerto Rico is in its very nature an extremely unfavourable and difficult one.

"Puerto Rico is a very small island with a great many people. Puerto Rico has little land and a great many people. Every year there are more people, but there is not more land."

The solution, according to Munoz Marin and the programme of his Popular Democratic Party, lies in increased Puerto Rican production, through improved agriculture and industrialization.

Munoz Marin believes agricultural and industrial production must be speeded up to keep pace with the rapidly increasing population. In a memorandum on Puerto Rican economic conditions, he stated:

"This difficult, but by no means impossible, economic objective is being pursued by the present government of Puerto Rico not only by extending education and health services, but by taking the initiative in agricultural and industrial development."

He pointed out that the Industrial Development Company, a Puerto Rican public corporation established in 1942, is helping private investors to

establish new industries and is establishing some itself as a stimulus to private investors.

Another public agency, the Agricultural Development Company, is developing new crops and encouraging farmers to use them in producing a more diversified agriculture of high yield. Puerto Rico's main agricultural income is now derived from sugar.

There is also a Development Bank, a third public corporation, which makes long-term investment loans that the private banks of Puerto Rico cannot handle.

These and other activities are bringing about steady improvement in the island's economy. However, Munoz Marin has repeatedly emphasized to his people that there is no easy road to economic well-being. His confidence in ultimate success, and belief that only persevering toil can achieve it, is symbolized in the slogan of his party, "Jalda Arriba," an expression used by the Puerto Rican farmer which, roughly translated, means "Climb Upward."

Luis Munoz Marin is the son of Luiz Munoz Rivera, one of the most revered figures in the island's political history.

The son spent a great deal of time in the United States as a young man. After graduating from Harvard University, he went to live in New York's Greenwich Village, where he made a living as a poet and writer.

Returning to Puerto Rico, he entered politics and finally organized and brought to power the Popular Democratic Party. As active head of that party, and as president of the Puerto Rican Senate, he has been credited with fathering and personally championing most of the island's progressive legislation since 1936.

A huge man, with a sagging black mustache, raven hair and contemplative eyes, Munoz Marin is said to have an inexhaustible reserve of patience and tolerance.

Two of his greatest political assets are his reputation for sincerity and his simplicity of manner. Recently, a

prominent writer, after meeting the new Governor of Puerto Rico, said:

"He looks like a farmer on a Saturday afternoon visit to the country store."

That description is the kind that pleases Munoz Marin, because throughout his political career he has fought to improve the living standard of Puerto Rican farmers and provide them with the time and purchasing power to make many visits to the country store.

A source of much gratification to Munoz Marin was the fact that on January 2, 1949, the day of his inauguration, Caonillas Dam was dedicated. Located in the hills of Puerto Rico, the dam is called the "hub" of a modern electric power system in the island. Costing about ten million dollars, it created a water reservoir with a storage capacity of 50,000 acre-feet. The project is already providing electricity for 160,000 residential, commercial and industrial customers in Puerto Rico.

Also under way is a building programme, sanctioned by the U.S. Federal Housing Administration, involving use of \$60,000,000 for new residences; and almost \$20,000,000 for commercial buildings, including factories and industrial plants.

One of the chief projects under this programme is a 10,000-home community on a 700-acre tract at Puerto Nuevo, on the outskirts of San Juan. Importance of these housing plans is self-evident in view of the fact that the Puerto Rican population has increased from 900,000 to approximately 2,100,000 in less than 50 years.

To facilitate communication with the rest of the world, Puerto Rico is building a \$12,000,000 international airport at Isla Verde. The insular government is furnishing more than \$7,000,000 for the air terminal and the United States Government has granted \$5,000,000 for the project. With runways 8,000 feet long, permitting plane operations at the rate of 50 takeoffs and landings per hour, Isla Verde is planned as an international airport comparable to that at Miami, Florida.—USIS.

Failure is not falling down. It is remaining there when you have fallen.—SIR ABE BAILEY.



# CHIANG'S "COME-BACK"

By ANDREW ROTH

**T**HE current offensive of the Chinese Communists promises to amputate large chunks of Kuomintang territory, add tens of millions to the two hundred million people already under their rule, and deal punishing blows to the long-staggering KMT. Preliminary victories, such as the unopposed seizure of Nanking, indicate that the Communists may succeed in fragmenting KMT China.

But it is not likely to be the "final conflict" for China. The million men in the Communists' offensive army can certainly knife through their immediate Kuomintang opponents, who are far inferior in numbers and fighting ability. But the main Communist armies are a thousand miles from the Southern China border and three thousand miles from China's inner Asian frontier. When the present offensive grinds to a halt—from exhaustion of men, food reserves and munitions—the Communists will still have to contend with at least a rump Kuomintang Government in Formosa and parts of South-east China and the warlords of Western China.

This looming necessity to shift again from military to political warfare underlines the importance of China's recent three-month "strange interlude"—the period between Chiang Kai-shek's "retirement" on January 21 and the Communists' resumed offensive on April 21. This badly misunderstood period did much to clarify the alignments within the KMT and the attitude of the Communists. It also helps to explain the Gimo's "return" to power.

## CHIANG'S "RETIREMENT"

When stubborn Chiang Kai-shek reluctantly "retired" from the Presidency in favour of Li Tsung-jen on January 21st, he was retreating before the overwhelming desire of the people for peace, widespread criticism of his catastrophic military leadership, and the prodding of certain KMT circles who felt that they could make a "deal" or at least gain a considerable breathing space through negotiating with the Communists.

From the outset it was clear that the Gimo's "retirement" to the small town of Chikow in his native Chekiang was merely a strategic withdrawal behind the curtain, not a yielding of power. He retained his position as Director-General of the Kuomintang. Before he withdrew he appointed trusted subordinates to key posts in South and East China, the logical place for a last-ditch fight against the Communists. Tang En-po, an incredibly corrupt, reactionary and ineffective general but loyal Chiang man was made commander of the key Shanghai-Nanking garrison area. Similarly, strong Chiang supporters were appointed to political, military and secret police positions in Formosa, Chekiang, Fukien and Kwangtung. Almost all of the Government's small horde of specie and its airforce was transferred to Formosa and nearby ports. Immediately after the Gimo left, the Army Chief of Staff is reported to have wired area commanders: "President left Nanking... with full advance preparations... The international scene is full of changes and we have every guarantee for victory. We are all disciples and subordinates of the Gimo and should keep the troops well in hand."

Chiang's wire-pulling power was indicated by the traffic to his rural retreat. During the first weeks two special planes shuttled back and forth bearing part of the "retired" Gimo's messages. Then a powerful transmitter was sent to Chikow from Nanking. He kept in constant contact with the National Defence Ministry, giving detailed instructions. Thus, the February 8 decision to abandon Tsingtao was made on his order. This threatened the extinction of besieged Taiyuan, which had been supplied by air from Tsingtao, and General Yen Hsi-shan, Taiyuan commander, had to fly to Chikow to have the order reversed.

## HIS BASIC STRATEGY

Chiang's basic strategy may be summarized as follows: it is impossible to deal with or compromise with the Communists, therefore every effort must be made to fight them, above

ground or underground. In fighting, withdrawal should be toward the South-east, and the final retreat to the island of Formosa (Taiwan). An underground is to be left behind to make trouble for the Reds. The Gimo is said to expect that conditions will show an improvement right after the Reds take over because of the cessation of military expenses but then will deteriorate because of Communist inexperience in running the country. He anticipates that World War III will break out within two years and, with U.S. help, it will be relatively easy for him to invade the mainland from Formosa. This invasion, he thinks, will be aided by mass unrest, stirred up by a KMT underground.

General Li Tsung-jen, to whom Chiang turned over the title of office Acting President in January, represents another trend of thinking in the Kuomintang. He and General Pai Chung-hsi, who together form the "Kwangsi clique" have long been the Gimo's opponents. They revolted against him in 1933 and 1933 and last year Li won the office of Vice President against the Gimo's candidate, Sun Fo.

#### ANOTHER TREND: STOOP TO CONQUER

Li's viewpoint is that the forces of Chinese conservatism represented by the Kuomintang have a greater chance to survive by joining the Communists, even as junior partners, than by fighting them. He felt also that it is important to effect political reforms and to make peace gestures toward the Communists in order to win the sympathy of the peace-hungry people and cut the ground out from under the Communists. In this tactic, Acting President Li had the support of the U.S. Embassy, whose basic strategy has been to secure the "crossing over" of as large a section of the KMT possible, to secure fulcrum for influence within the future, Communist-dominated China.

Acting President Li was never in a position to attempt to carry out his strategy because he has never had enough control of the Government apparatus. An excellent example is President Li's proclamation that political prisoners would be released and the hated KMT secret police would be disbanded. The measure he undertook to establish himself as a bona

fide liberal in the eyes of the public and the Communists, with whom he wanted to negotiate. Immediately, public attention was focussed on the Formosa detention place of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who has been under arrest since 1937 as a result of the Sian Incident in which he kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek to persuade him to fight the Japanese. However, Chiang Hsueh-liang was not released because he was in the custody of the secret police who take orders only from the Gimo himself, and the Gimo obviously said "No!". No political prisoners have been released in Shanghai or anywhere else where the Gimo's writ still runs. In effect, therefore, Li's flexible conservatism could not go beyond the limits set by Chiang's diehard reactionaries. This was shown conclusively when a Nanking editor was jailed and his paper banned for suggesting that Chiang leave the country and stop meddling in politics.

The Kuomintang's split personality was dramatized by the physical split in the Government which resulted when former Premier Sun Fo took part of the Government to Canton. Sun Fo, an egregiously corrupt opportunist, is now one of the diehard reactionaries around the Gimo. He decamped to pull the Government into his line of thinking—that the Government should withdraw itself and the three fighting services to the South-east to fight a last-ditch fight there while awaiting rescue in the form of the outbreak of World War III. It is significant that Sun Fo visited Chiang at Chikow before deciding to move to Canton.

The resignation of Sun Fo in March and his replacement as Premier by General Ho Ying-chin—who returned the seat of the Government to Nanking—represented a partial healing in the rift between the two contending parties in the Kuomintang. Ho Ying-chin, former Defence Minister and Chief of Staff and leader of the dominant "Whampoa clique" of generals, is an old-style reactionary whose pro-Japanese and anti-Communist actions are a lesson to all who have read modern Chinese history. His choice as Premier is understood to have been made by Chiang himself from a list of four names

submitted to him by acting President Li Tsung-jen.

#### STRENGTHENING THE MILITARY

But whatever differences there may have been within the KMT over the best strategy for preserving the status quo in China, there was no disagreement on the need for strengthening and reorganizing the Kuomintang army. Actually, many observers felt Chiang was willing to let Li Tsung-jen act as a "peace front" because protracted peace negotiations would give more time to organize a last-ditch resistance.

Frantic efforts were made to expand the army from the little more than one million to which Communists had reduced it. This was done under cover of "reducing" the army from 6,300,000. But this figure was simply the number of men still carried on the payrolls by avaricious KMT generals.

Despite energetic efforts to expand its war potentials, the KMT could not swim against the stream. The mass

desire for peace flared into spontaneous peace councils and anti-conscription movements. In Fukien enraged villagers beat up conscription officials.

Instead of growing, the KMT war machinery went downhill with increasing speed. A rash of defections which had been spreading through the Army infected the Air Force and Navy. Almost every week another plane or two went over to the Communists despite the fact that many families of Air Force personnel have been kept as virtual hostages in Formosa. Small defections in the Navy were climaxed by the desertion of the British-built cruiser "Chung-king," the pride of the Navy. Although the Kuomintang Air Force has apparently sunk it in the Communist port of Hulutao, its desertion was a major blow to morale and significant of the sinking state of KMT military fortunes.



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# WORLD FORUM OF YOUTH

**I**NTERESTING addresses by the British Prime Minister, the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. Anthony Eden were delivered to 5,500 children in the Albert Hall, London, in connection with the World Forum of Youth, sponsored and organised by the *Daily Mail*, in conjunction with the Council for Education in World Citizenship. In addition to the children, the meeting was attended by about 600 adults, including headmasters and head mistresses.

Mr. Attlee, who said that three contributions which Britain could make to the modern world were tolerance, the practical spirit and a sense of continuity, concluded his speech by saying:

"We, here, believe that there are absolute values. We do not believe that you can substitute for these values concepts dictated by reasons of state. Truth and justice, mercy and liberty are not to be perverted into what a dictator or a ruling caste consider to be the national interest. They stand above nationality, party or creed. They form the basis, for the relationship between man and man and between nation and nation.

"If we are to make our modern civilization a success, if we are to preserve the world from the ruin that threatens it, it is our duty to assert the supremacy of the moral law. Whatever our differences here may be, religious or political, except for an inconsiderable minority, we in Britain believe in the validity of the moral values on which our civilization has been built up.

"As I see it, the problem of democracy is to ensure that the will of the majority prevails without infringing the rights of minorities to express their opinions and to seek to change opinion and convert the majority. The problem of liberty is how to give the greatest freedom to the individual without impairing the unity of the whole and without preventing the exercise by the community of its common will. We have, I believe, achieved a great measure of success in this country in the solution of both these problems, but to maintain this success needs a constant watchfulness."

Mr. Attlee observed that tolerance was the one thing essential for the practice of freedom and democracy. "If you wish to see the exercise of this virtue at its best you cannot do better than study the practice of members of the House of Commons. Without the spirit of tolerance, our parliamentary system would not work. It is the will to make it work and the recognition of the things that unite as well as the things that divide that make it almost flexible and an effective instrument of democracy. This spirit of tolerance is exhibited in other fields including labour relations."

## CHOICE BEFORE THE WORLD

The Duke of Edinburgh told the meeting that the world was facing a very grave crisis, the reason for which was very simple—that distance was no longer a matter of miles but of hours. "History," he said, "has shown that people can live peacefully close together and now, whether we like it or not, we are close neighbours of the world.

"The choice before us is quite simple. It is either destruction of the world or a peaceful world society and it is up to us to make the choice. We can choose to disregard our neighbours, treat them as foreigners and as potential enemies, but on the other hand, we can choose to understand our neighbours and treat them as individuals. That is what we are doing here today."

## COMMONWEALTH'S CONTRIBUTION

Mr. Anthony Eden, who spoke of the special contribution the British Commonwealth could make to "the world we want," said that in this association of free nations all were wholly independent and no compulsion was ever brought to bear by any one member upon another. "Without boasting we can claim that our Commonwealth is the one wholly successful experiment in international co-operation of what mankind has ever seen," declared Mr. Eden. First among the influences that united us was a sense of tolerance, the hallmark of civilization. Then there was the practice of good faith to one another which was the basis of all true comradeship, whether in political or private life. Finally, there was adaptability, which was not

weakness but a sense of respect for the thoughts and feelings of others.

"It is sometimes said that the British have a talent for compromise and it is true that we quite happily make arrangements among ourselves which anyone else would probably think illogical and extraordinary. But these arrangements work. They are possible

only because each member of the Commonwealth holds that the others are all entitled to their views. We of the Commonwealth believe that a greater power for good can be wielded by States acting freely together than by any other means. We have learned to live in friendship one with another."

## NEW ANTIFILARIASIS DRUG DISCOVERY BY AMERICAN SCIENTISTS

**F**ROM the United States comes the development of a new drug which holds promise of effectively combating filariasis, centuries-old "scourge of the tropics." This disease is prevalent in parts of Africa and Asia and, to a lesser extent, in Middle and South America and Oceania.

Called Hetrazan, the new drug represents the culmination of experimental work begun during World War II by researchers of the Lederle Laboratories at Pearl River, New York. More than 1,000 different chemical compounds were tested before they evolved Diethylcarbamazine, the technical name for Hetrazan.

Filariasis is characterized by huge swellings of the legs and frequently other parts of the body. After running its course over a period of years, it results in elephantiasis, which is manifested by extremely thick legs covered with heavy, leathery skin.

### HOW FILARIASIS IS CAUSED

Adult worms living in the human lymphatic system cause filariasis. Each worm regularly produces thousands of embryos, called microfilariae, which circulate in the blood of the infected person. When this person is bitten by a mosquito, some of the microfilariae are sucked in by the insect. Later, the mosquito may bite another, possibly noninfected human, thus spreading the disease.

In the course of biting, the mosquito deposits a number of microfilariae on the skin. These tiny worms then penetrate the skin of the new victim, infecting him with the disease. These mature into adult worms,

which in turn produce their embryos, and the whole cycle begins anew.

Hetrazan, one of a family of complex compounds known as piperazines, breaks the cycle by ridding an infected person's bloodstream of microfilariae, or worm larvae.

For medicinal use, Hetrazan has the advantage of being in the form of a white, aspirin-sized tablet easily taken by mouth, the researchers say. Furthermore, it apparently produces no bad side-effects in the patient, even after prolonged use.

### RESULTS OF LABORATORY TESTS

After laboratory tests with cotton rats, hamsters, mice, and other animals had shown excellent results, Hetrazan was tested on a group of persons in Puerto Rico known to have filariasis. After several days of treatment, 75 per cent of the patients were free of microfilariae in the bloodstream.

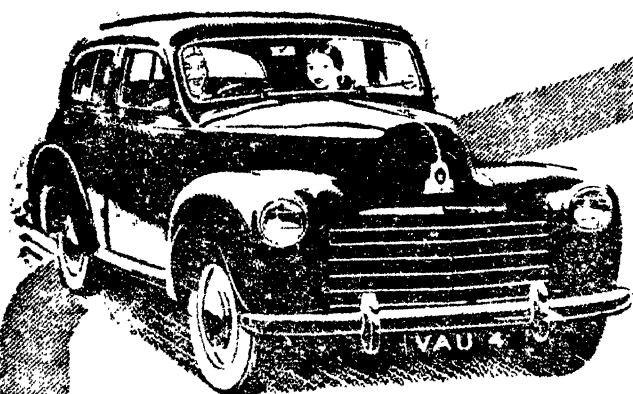
Successful results also were obtained in British Guiana, where 96 per cent of 222 patients tested were microfilariae-free after treatment. Few cases of recurrence of the disease were noted, even for as long as a year after treatment stopped.

Since the first tests of Hetrazan on humans, many investigations involving thousands of patients have been made by Lederle researchers. Currently, a treatment programme is being conducted among all 14,000 inhabitants of one of the Virgin Islands. Many Governments also are conducting experiments with Hetrazan in an effort to free their own populations, and finally the tropical world, of the disease.

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# DR. LILLIAN MOLLER GILBRETH

**D**R. Lillian Moller Gilbreth, 70, an active management engineer, the mother of 12 children and the grand-



mother of 18, holds the title "Woman of the Year" in the United States. The choice was made in 1948 by the American Women's Association in a national polling of 50 women's groups. The Association makes the award annually for eminent achievement. Dr. Gilbreth's selection was based largely on her work in "discovering, recognising and formulating the laws of human motion which in industry are accepted today as fundamental."

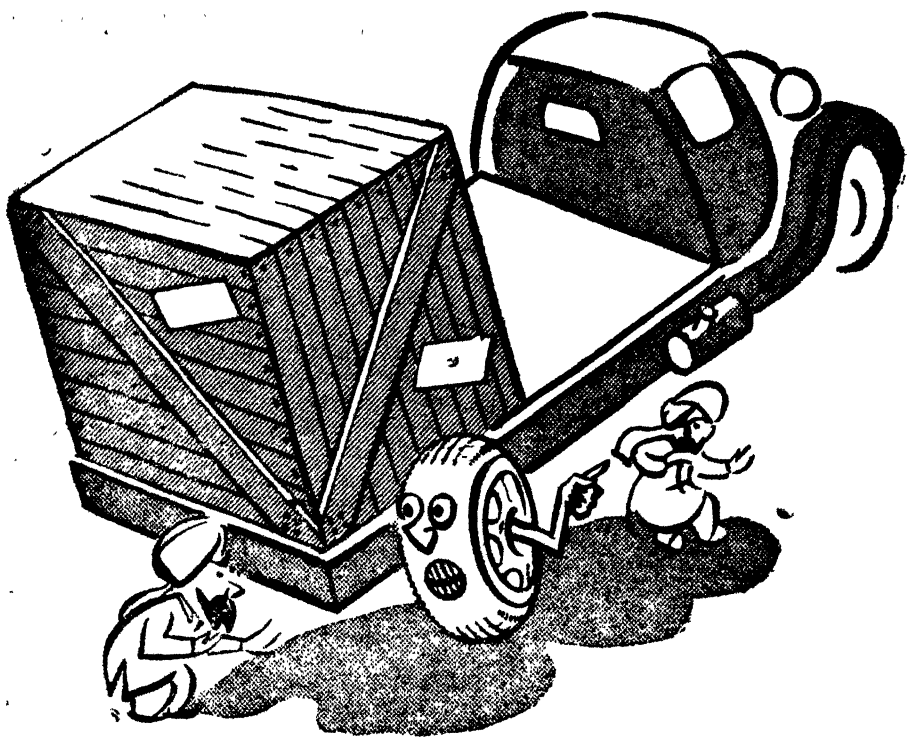
The present United States "Woman of the Year" has specialized in the relationship between workers and their machines, and in applying time- and energy-saving techniques to work of all types. She improved the lot of many American housewives by introducing work-simplification methods into the home and kitchen.

Dr. Gilbreth is president of Gilbreth, Inc., consulting management engineers, a concern that she and her husband, the late Dr. Frank B. Gilbreth, established many years ago. Together they are credited with pioneering in the field of scientific management and with launching the science of "motion study." The firm served as efficiency experts for many major industrial plants in the United

States, Britain and Germany from 1910 to 1924.

The Gilbreths devised a method of analyzing motion that they called the "Therblig" system, Gilbreth spelled backward with one letter transposed. A Therblig stood for a unit of motion or thought, and there were 17 of them. They classified the processes of activity such as "search," "find," and "grasp." These provided the all-time basis for work simplification. When the Gilbreths made a motion study they broke each operation down into a Therblig and tried to reduce the time for performing it. This motion-study system was first applied only toward making industrial jobs easier, but in more recent years, Dr. Lillian Gilbreth has applied it to housework and to rehabilitating disabled or semi-disabled persons. She was largely responsible for planning a kitchen for women suffering from heart trouble. The kitchen requires no unusual or high-priced materials and for the most part can be made by hand. By first setting up the kitchen in miniature with scale models and working with a wire figure scaled to the person's size, the kitchen may be especially adapted to any individual. The heart kitchen emphasizes functional storage utensils should be placed at the center of first use. Thus near the sink where vegetables are prepared, storage places for everything needed in this process—peeling and cutting utensils, strainers, sauce pans and vegetables which don't need refrigeration—are located. Things most often used are situated where neither stooping nor stretching is required to obtain them. The kitchen takes much drudgery out of the housewife's work. It may be a life-saver for women with heart ailments and it offers great advantages to those who are healthy.

Dr. Gilbreth, who lives in Montclair, New Jersey, and her large family have been in the news in the United States recently because of a newly published book, "Cheaper by the Dozen," which was written by two of her children—Frank Gilbreth, Jr.,



# FAIR SHARES

I'm proud of my strength, but you can't expect me to do all the work, while my front colleagues get off lightly. If you'll just see that the load is carried fair and square between the four of us, I'll act fair by you, and keep running longer.

UNFAIR  
TO  
TYRES

DISTRIBUTE  
THE LOAD  
EVENLY



# DUNLOP



and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. The book tells the story of Gilbreth family life until the death of the father. It was selected by one of the large monthly book clubs and was digested in a popular women's magazine.

"Mother came from Oakland, California," wrote the children. "She met dad in Boston while she was en route to Europe on one of those well-chaperoned tours for fashionable young ladies of the nineties.

"Mother was Phi Beta Kappa and a psychology graduate of the University of California. In those days women who were scholars were viewed with some suspicion. When mother and dad were married, an Oakland paper said, 'Although a graduate of the University of California, the bride is nonetheless an extremely attractive young woman.'"

After their wedding, according to Mrs. Gilbreth, she and her husband "decided: (1) To have a family of six boys and six girls; (2) To establish a family council, so that the children would be born into a plan for participating in family life; and (3) To try out all the methods and devices of effective work that my husband had discovered in his many years of diversified industrial experience."

They followed the plan with considerable precision. The success of their experiment was tested after the sudden death of Dr. Frank Gilbreth in 1924 just before he was scheduled to make a lecture trip abroad. The youngest Gilbreth child was then little more than two years old. A family council was called to determine what course to take in the future. They considered an easy way out, according to her children's account—to go to California and live with Dr. Gilbreth's parents.

"There is another alternative," their mother told them, "but it hinges on your being able to take care of yourselves. And it would involve some sacrifices from all of us. So I want you to make the decision. I can go ahead with your father's work. We can keep the office open here....but, we would have to live very simply. Still we could be together....Do you want to try it? Can you run the house and take care of things until I get back?"

When asked, "Get back from where?" she told them:

"If you want to try it, I'm going on that boat tomorrow; the one your father planned to take. He had the tickets. I'm going to give those speeches in London and Prague. I think that's the way your father would want it. But the decision is up to you."

The Gilbreth children made the decision and their mother gave the lectures. Their ability to run the large household enabled their mother to keep Gilbreth, Inc. going.

While she was having and caring for her large family, as well as helping her husband, Lillian Gilbreth earned her doctor's degree from Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1915. Following her husband's death she was granted honorary degrees by eight universities. In 1935 she became professor of management at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, and from 1941 to 1943 chairman of the department of personnel relations at Newark College of Engineering in New Jersey. During World War II, she was a consultant for the United States Office of War Information, worked with the United States War Man-power Commission, and was a member of the Civilian Defence Committee of New Jersey. She was a member of the New Jersey State Board of Regents for four years.

Lillian Gilbreth continues active. Several times a year, she lectures at Purdue University where she still is professor emeritus of industrial engineering and does advisory work. She attends a class in work-simplification at Columbia University, New York City. The course, which she was instrumental in having added to the curriculum, is given for institute management people and for representatives of agencies who work with handicapped people.

Books she has written include "Psychology of Management," "Time Study," "Fatigue Study" (co-author with her husband), "Applied Motion Study for the Handicapped," "The Homemaker and Her Job," "Living with Our Children," (co-author with Edna Yost), "Normal Lives for the Disabled," (co-author with Alice Rice Cook), "The Foreman and Manpower Management," and numerous papers on education, management, psychology and research.

# MALAYA AND SOCIALIST BRITAIN

**I**T may be true, technically speaking, that the British Government were powerless, as they claim, to prevent the execution of Ganapathy in Malaya, though the country is a British Protectorate. The prerogative of mercy, we are told, lay in this case with the Ruler of Selangor, one of the nine States which, together with the former Settlements of Malacca and Penang, constitute the Malayan Federation. But this disclaimer of responsibility carries little conviction. The Rulers of the Malayan States exist on the sufferance of the British power, and their policies can be decisively influenced, for good or ill, by Britain.

The British Government's attitude has, however, the saving grace of being neutral. The Colonial Office has neither approved nor disapproved the withholding of mercy by the Ruler of Selangor. But now comes the news that, in the opinion of the Malayan Federal Government, the decision taken by the Ruler was right. The Government spokesman, Sir Alexander Newbould, has also disclosed that Ganapathy was the 62nd person hanged under the emergency regulations.

This is a sad colonial record for the Socialist Government of Britain. And it contrasts strangely with its record in certain other countries, notably India. This divergence does not seem to arise wholly from the different circumstances prevailing in India and Malaya at the end of the war, when the Labour Party came into power. It seems rather to be an instance of the ambivalence that has marked the Labour Government's colonial policy as much as their over-all foreign policy. One trend, realistically accepting the physical and psychological realities of the post-war world, has sought to substitute free and friendly relationship for forcible dominion. It has worked itself out successfully in India. The other trend, which seeks to retain the old

colonial advantages by force, is the one predominantly at work in Malaya—with unfortunate results both for the local population and for Britain's prestige.

There will be general agreement that it would have been almost impossible to put through in Malaya a transfer of power such as was effected in India. The Hindu-Muslim division impeded the political negotiations in India at every turn, and nearly threatened to bring down in disaster the finally agreed arrangements. A similar problem, even more complicated, afflicts Malaya. There it is a three-cornered internal tussle. The 50,850 sq. mles of the peninsula are peopled by nearly five million Malays, Chinese and Indians. The racial distribution, according to the 1947 census is, roughly: Malays 44%; Chinese 39%; and Indians 11%. (Of the Indians, the major part are from the Tamil districts, the rest from Andhra and Malabar). Not only do the three racial elements of the population lack a common social tradition, the overwhelming majority of them remain in a very backward state. They have not yet generated a political leadership sufficiently mature and organised to be able to take over and administer the country. Britain could reasonably claim that Malaya, at the end of the war, was not yet ready for complete self-government.

The truth of that claim remains, though there were other and more potent reasons for Britain's anxiety to retain her rule over Malaya. Pre-war Malaya had been one of the most profitable parts of Britain's colonial empire. It produced a half of the world's rubber supply and one-third of the world's tin requirements. If the standard of living of its people was low, it was better than in many neighbouring countries. There was no lack of employment and rice was available in plenty. All this was changed by the war. Though there was not much destruction, estates

and machinery fell into decay. Social disintegration was acute, and there was terrible underfeeding during the Japanese occupation. The cost of living today is estimated to be nearly five times higher than pre-war, with rice in short supply. But Malaya has not lost its importance for Britain. Leaving alone the strategic value of the peninsula in any future war, in Britain's present battle against dollar scarcity, the rubber and tin exports of Malaya play a vital part.

It is precisely in this task of restoring the old Malayan economy that the British administration has come up against difficulties. The war heightened the political consciousness of the people, placing arms in the hands of considerable numbers of them—including the small but vigorous Malayan Communist Party. After the surrender of Japan, the British Military Administration tried to demobilise and disarm the anti-Japanese squads, mostly Communist-led. But a large quantity of arms remained with their owners who have made uninhibited use of them. The violent bands fall in the main into two classes: the desperadoes who have taken to dacoity as an easy way of making a living in these hard days; and the Communists who, after the Communist Congress held at Calcutta in February 1948, launched a violent political insurrection.

Thus it is a difficult post-war situation which the Labour Government has had to face in Malaya. Transferring power on the Indian pattern was out of the question. But it need not at all have followed that a strong-armed policy in defence of the planters and miners was the only alternative. There is a vast middle ground between the voluntary liquidation of empire and the harsh regime which prevails in Malaya. This middle ground the British Government has left largely unexplored.

How can Ganapathy's execution, for the mere offence of possessing arms, be regarded as other than terroristic? Ganapathy had been a prominent leader, and for some time President, of the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions. Now the Malayan Government has a strong case against the activities of the Federation. The Awbrey-Dalley Report on the working of trade unions in Malaya has

endorsed the Government's charges against the Federation, and recommended a firm policy against the irresponsible and violent methods of the Communists who dominate the Federation. But it recommended firmness, not brutality, and suggested many positive reforms (which the Government has not yet initiated) as the ultimate cure for Malaya's social ills and unrest.

Appointed for the purpose by the Secretary of State for Colonies in January 1948, S. S. Awbrey, M.P., and F. W. Dalley, two British trade unionists of long and varied experience, investigated labour conditions in Malaya and submitted their Report last June. Their verdict on the Communist-controlled Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions and the Singapore Federation of Trade Unions was: "They were not and are not genuine Federations of democratically governed organisations, having a readily recognisable common occupational or industrial interest; rather are their affiliated units in many cases mere branches of dominating central organisation claiming power without responsibility. To put it in another way, the 'Federations' were first formed, and the constituent parts, the 'Unions,' followed after."

The Report charges the leaders of the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions with irresponsibly fomenting strikes, using methods of intimidation against both workers and employers, and collecting exorbitant levies from the constituent unions for spreading the Federation's subversive propaganda and activities. The authors of the Report claim that they came to these conclusions only after scrutinising all evidence carefully: "We have been at some pains to get at the truth as, at the outset, we were sceptical of the charges made against the Malayan Communist Party and the Federations." The initial scepticism, they explain, was a necessary precaution against the tendency in many quarters to dub all movements for reform and progress as 'Communist.'

While supporting the policy of deporting those convicted of criminal violence—"we do not see how else the public can be protected against these criminal activities"—the Report goes on to suggest reforms. It has high praise for the work done by the

British trade unionist John Brazier, as Trade Union Adviser. His function is to help and advise all workers who may want to organise themselves into sound democratic Unions. The value of such guidance will be evident if it is remembered that adult illiteracy prevails to an appalling extent in Malaya and therefore the funds and activities of trade unions may be easily manipulated by a small but educated political minority. The Adviser also helps the Government with suggestions for facilitating the registration of trade unions and encouraging their legitimate activities. But the administration does not seem to care greatly for Mr. Brazier's services. Woodrow Wyatt, Labour M.P., writing on his recent Malayan tour, says: "They (the officials) do not like trade unions, and they do not know how

they work. To them, the one official who is really helping Britain in Malaya, John Brazier, is a menace to good order and a threat to White prestige."

In addition to a mass campaign of "trade union education," the Awbrey-Dalley Report lists other basic reforms necessary for alleviating the living conditions of Malaya's population. Among these is the need to bring down the cost of living; increase the supply and fair distribution of rice; introduce sickness insurance and other social services... the familiar and admirable Socialist programme. Set against this humane cure for incipient Communism, the policy behind the execution of Gana-pathy seems so cruel and unnecessary. —(G. N. S.)

We are all inclined to judge ourselves by our ideals; others by their acts.—**HAROLD NICOLSON.**

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No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness; nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul.—**ARISTOTLE.**

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# MY HUSBAND GOES TO MARKET

By S. R.

I whisked the blanket off my five-year old daughter as she stretched herself, rolled this side and that and sleepily rubbed her eyes.

"What is today?" I demanded.

"Monday."

"No, yesterday was Monday. Try again."

"Friday."

"Wrong again. Tuesday."

"Tuesday."

I was teaching her the names of the days, you see, and I preferred this way to sitting her on a chair and making her repeat names by rote.

My husband came out into the verandah as I was folding the blanket. He stood looking at me for a moment.

"I shall go to the market hereafter," he announced, "and get the vegetables."

If he had said he was going on a pleasure trip to the moon in the week-end, I could hardly have been more surprised. Because if there is one thing he hates, it is working about the house. Whenever I read in a book about the husband who hangs up the pictures in the rooms, cleans the light shades, takes care of the baby during kitchen-time and picks up odd bits of paper lying about, I say to myself something must be wrong with mine. But then I hear my neighbour's husband berating his wife over trifles, bawling at her for buttons and cuff-links and making a mountain out of missing shoe-laces and banging the front door when leaving for office and I say to myself, thank goodness for small mercies.

"Is it showing?"

"What?"

"You know what."

"No, but you ought not to go jostling among crowds early in the morning when you are feeling so sick."

"I shall go once a week," said my husband. "I shall go every Friday."

"That would be quite enough."

"I shall take Raman," he added.

"Yes," I said, "he can carry the bags."

That was on Tuesday.

On Wednesday it rained in the evening.

"I hope it won't rain on Friday morning," said my husband.

"You could take an umbrella if it did," I said.

"I will look ridiculous," said my husband with unnecessary warmth, "carrying an umbrella in one hand and the bags in the other."

"But you are not going to carry the bags," I pointed out. "Raman will carry them."

"All the same," he said, "everything about me will proclaim a visit to the market."

"I don't see how it is so humiliating to get our own vegetables from the market," I said.

"I didn't say it was humiliating."

"You implied it."

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright.

"Is it today Father is going to the market?" Prema wanted to know.

"No," I said, "it is tomorrow."

"Are you really going, Father?"

"Yes."

"To buy vegetables?"

"Yes, of course," said my husband shortly, "and now go and play. You mustn't ask so many questions."

"But you will never get there in time," she said incorrigibly, laughing. "You get up at seven. Mother used to get up so early and come back before you get up."

My husband looked at me.

"When do I have to get up?"

"Oh, about six," I said.

"Alright," he said intriguingly, "I will get up at six and go to market, if it kills me."

An uncomfortable silence hung between us like a tightly-drawn wire all morning. And then Prema's friend from the next house, Balu, drifted in as my husband was putting the final touches to his toilet preparatory to going to office.

"My father is going to the market tomorrow," Prema confided to him drawing him into the dressing room and pointing out with a surreptitious finger the martyr who, she evidently felt, had dedicated himself to all sorts of new and dreadful things.

"What for?" asked Balu.

"To buy vegetables."

"My Father never goes to market," pronounced Balu. "My Mother buys the vegetables."

"My Mother used to," said Prema defensively, "but now she doesn't."

"Why?" asked Balu turning and looking me up and down with a child's detached curiosity. "Is she sick?"

I put a firm hand on the shoulder of each and propelled them out of the room.

"Little children shouldn't talk so much," I said sternly.

"I don't think it is good for the children," said my husband in his best psycho-analytic manner, "to be told so often what to do and what not to do. It might give them a complex."

"Would you rather," I said, "they had continued their discussion?"

"Why not? What was wrong?"

"Well, surely, I am not sick! How was Prema going to explain that?"

"You could have told her she was going to have a little brother soon."

"Who would arrive in the doctor's

black box with the address tied round his neck, I dare say!"

"You needn't have flown into a rage," said my husband righteously, "just because that little boy said his mother never allowed his father to go to market."

"He said no such thing," I said. "I heard him distinctly. And if it comes to that I know who allows anyone to do anything in that house."

"I hate gossip," said my husband.

"Yes," I said, stung, "all gossip except what you talk with that foul friend of yours who invites himself to this house every evening for coffee!"

"He doesn't," said my husband raising his voice. "I invite him. And he is not foul. What do you mean by foul? I thought you liked him."

"Everytime I give him coffee," I said, getting hysterical, "I have wished it was hemlock."

My husband sat down and looked at me.

"At this rate," he said bitterly, "our son is sure to be a homicide."

"Don't say son," I said. "It might be a daughter."

"I hope it is a son" said my husband.

"I said don't go on saying that you hope it will be a boy."

"Why not?"

"Suppose it is a girl?"

"Well and good. I am not going to commit suicide because of that!"

"All this wishing isn't good for the child and you know it."

"I suppose," said my husband, red in the face with suppressed laughter, "you are thinking of the Well of Loneliness."

"Never mind," I said feeling cross, "what I was thinking of."

There was a pause.

"I know why you are so nervy," said my husband gently. "It is because you are troubled by your conscience."

"My conscience!" I said, startled. "Indeed! What is on my conscience, do you suppose?"

"Well, your pride is refusing to let you admit to yourself that it is really very nice of me to offer to go to the market."

I just looked at him unable to say anything.

It was surprising how many things boiled down to this simple business of my husband going to the market on Friday. Prema could talk of nothing else. And on Thursday my husband came home in the middle of the afternoon. I opened the door and stood staring at him.

"Thought I would come home," he said looking a trifle sheepish, "and have a small nap. After all, I have to be up and about at such an early hour tomorrow morning."

The nap lasted till four when he said it was too late anyway to go to the office and so he stayed home.

In the evening, as we were returning from the beach, my husband stopped at a coconut stall on the pavement.

"You know," he said, "I think we ought to take more of coconuts? They are supposed to be very good for something. I can't remember what."

"For duodenal ulcers," I said.

"Now that I am going to market hereafter," he continued, "I mean buying vegetables with an eye on balanced diet and good nutrition. The trouble with our women is they are so conservative in their tastes, don't you think?"

And that night, after dinner, I found him squatting on the floor beside the wardrobe getting ready his office wear for the next morning.

"Why are you doing that now?" I asked.

"My dear girl," he said, "when do you suppose I am going to have time to do anything tomorrow morning?"

"Surely you don't expect to stay in the market all morning?"

"The trouble with women," he said self-deprecatingly, "is that they want to shift all responsibility on the men's shoulders and then find fault with them for not doing it their particular, silly way. I have promised to go to the market and I shall do so. How I am going to do it may, I pray, be kindly left entirely to my common sense."

He wound up the clock himself before going to bed that night and set the alarm at 5 a.m. And after the

light had been switched off, he switched it right on again to see if he had done it properly.

"Wake me up," he cautioned me, "as soon as the alarm rings."

Very early in the morning I found myself dragged out of a deep well of sleep by the glare of the electric light.

"What is it?"

"Couldn't sleep," said my husband. "Thought I might as well shake myself up and do some reading."

"What is the time?"

"Half past three."

"Surely you don't mean you are going to read now?"

"I don't want to go back to bed," he said. "I have to be up and about in an hour, anyway."

"Look," I said desperately, "you go back to sleep. I shall go to the market."

"My dear," he said looking like a little boy who is politely refusing a cake at a party, "if you think I am one to shirk my duty, you must have a pretty poor opinion of me."

Bathed, shaved and dressed, he was ready by half past five in the morning.

"I think I can start getting the bags now," he said as soon as he had finished coffee. Ten minutes later I heard a crash and went into the dressing room to see my husband holding his foot and hopping around a puddle of broken glass.

"It is that stupid mirror," he explained. "Why don't you get it fixed up or get rid of it? I moved the chest of drawers to see if the bags were at the back and then this came toppling down. And what is more I have hurt my foot. I might have to take an A.T. for it."

I bandaged the foot and handed him the bags which I had slung the previous night in full view on the back of the chair on which he had piled his office clothes and handed them to him without a word. I closed the front door after him and went into the verandah. Prema lay in bed wide awake. I whisked the blanket off.

"What day is it today?"

"This is the day Father goes to market," said Prema.

"He has gone to market," I said wearily.

There was a banging at the front door. I opened it.

"I forgot the purse," said my husband.

He rushed in and picked it up and was about to rush out again when I stopped him.

"See if there is any money in it," I advised.

There were three and a half annas in it. And then we couldn't find the keys of the bureau. We looked under the chest of drawers, on the table and back of the cushions. The keys had disappeared.

"I will tell you what," said my husband. "Let us be methodical. You take the bed-room and I will take the dressing-room. They are bound to be somewhere in these two places."

The keys were at last discovered among the pile of office clothes on the chair.

"Do you want any particular vegetables or just anything?" he asked.

I pondered.

"Don't buy any ladies' fingers" I said. "It is too late in the season for them and they are getting rotten. Buy some brinjals, the small purple-coloured variety, not the anaemic looking big ones. Don't buy any greens, they say there is still some cholera about. And please don't forget to buy some limes. You may buy some snake-gourds if you like but not if they are more than three annas each. Don't buy any pumpkin or any of those wretched huge things. Buy some coriander and not more than an anna's worth of chillies. You may buy some cucumber, but only tender ones, remember. And if there are any beans, not the long, thin ones but the flat ones you may buy them but not if they are more than ten annas a viss. And for heaven's sake, don't forget to buy some potatoes. Well, that is all, I think. Is it clear?"

"Absolutely," said my husband, clamping a hand to his forehead and walking out unsteadily through the door.

I busied myself about the housework.

Seven o'clock struck. And then the half hour. And then it was eight.

"Perhaps he had an accident," said Prema.

Half past eight.

"I think," said Prema, "we must send for the police."

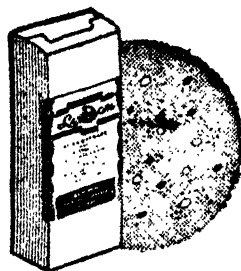
My husband came in at five minutes to nine—blew in, in fact, in a mighty rage. Both the bags in his hand were empty.

"Oh," said I collapsing with relief. "What happened? I thought you may have had an accident."

"We were going to telephone the police station," said Prema.

"You would probably have got me," said my husband grimly, "I was there."

"At the police station?" I echoed. "What were you doing there? The market hasn't shifted there, has it?"



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"What I can't understand," said my husband relinquishing his slippers, "is why the police don't do something about not allowing females to run the market."

"There is blood on your shirt," said Prema.

"That is not blood," said my husband with a sideways glance at me. "It is tomatoes."

"Oh!"

"There is a female there, a tall elephantine sort of person whom I have just escorted to the police station. I have filed a charge against her for rudeness and using abusive language."

"What did she do?"

"Do? She used the vilest language to me and called me names. Isn't that enough?"

"But what happened?" I said getting impatient. "Surely she didn't start abusing you as soon as you appeared?"

"I asked her the price of brinjals. She was just arranging her stuff and so I waited there patiently for ten minutes. I asked her again at the end of the time and she said would I certainly buy. I said, of course if the prices were reasonable. She said the brinjals were twelve annas a viss. I refused to pay her that. It is swindling."

"How much did you bargain for?"

"Six annas. One of my friends told me a couple of weeks ago he had bought some brinjals at six annas."

"That," I said gently, "was two weeks ago."

"You mean to say the prices might have gone up since then?"

"They change every day. But that is beside the point. What did she say then?"

"Say! She turned on me like a fury. She said she had known after one look at my face that I wasn't the sort who bought anything. She said my picking up a quarrel with her over the price was a bad omen and that

if she had a bad day and ruined herself it would all be my fault. She made the most fantastic accusations."

"Well?"

"And then the creature at the stall next to hers joined the argument. By the time her husband came we were in a regular fray."

"You mean to say you stood in the open market and fought with these people? Why didn't you just come away?"

"What! And leave them to make fun and jeer at me as a coward!"

"But who threw the tomatoes, Father?" asked Prema.

"That woman's son. And he tore my bag. I boxed his ears for that."

"Did you buy anything at all?" said I looking in despair at the bags.

"Oh, yes," said Raman who was all this while standing quietly in the background. "Master bought these." And plunging his hand into one of the bags he displayed proudly—a bunch of coriander leaves and six chillies.

"And then you all marched to the police station, I suppose?" I said too overwhelmed even to laugh.

"Yes."

"Along the public road?"

"Well, I didn't slink along as if I had done something to be ashamed of."

"What did they say at the police station?"

"They said I had to come again tomorrow at eleven—which means I suppose I have to take leave tomorrow—and appear before the magistrate. I have sued that woman for abusive language and defamation of character. And do you know what she has done? The astonishing creature has asked for damages for one busy morning wasted."

"How much?"

"Fifteen rupees."

"I think she will win," I said.

"Thanks," said my husband.

Since all things have been said by men of sense, the only novelty is—to condense.—PHOCAS.

It is better a man should be abused than forgotten.—Dr. Johnson.

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.—H. G. WELLS.

# DMITROV IN DISGRACE

By M. N. ROY

WHILE speculating about the cause of Tito's excommunication, it was suggested by some well informed circles that his aspiration to succeed Stalin as the leader of World Communism displeased the Russian heir-apparents and heir-presumptives. It remains doubtful if the plausible hypothesis will ever be verified. Meanwhile, this much can be said that there is no reason why the leadership of the Communist International should be a perpetual Russian monopoly, and therefore it would be quite legitimate for a non-Russian Communist to aspire for the honour, provided that he possessed the requisite power as well as qualification. In the post-war years, Tito was the only non-Russian Communist qualified to be the pretender. Judged by qualification, Togliatti might have a greater claim; but he was not yet in power, and his chances were already on the decline. The other possibility, Thorez, is to be ruled out on both the accounts.

But there is another aspect of the situation: the leadership of World Communism can be separated from the head of the Russian State only in theory so very abstract as to rule out the possibility of practice. Therefore, one who aspires for the one, implicitly threatens the position of the other. Of course, the idea of any non-Russian Communist replacing Stalin during his life-time is fantastic; but a struggle for supremacy between the two, somewhat analogous to the struggle between the Pope and the Emperor in the Middle-Ages, might take place after Stalin's death. Therefore, it could be imagined how Russians standing next to Stalin might not only be displeased, but worried by Tito's possible aspiration to the leadership of World Communism. And in that case, a desire on their part to pull down the pretender could not be ruled out. It may be recollected that the attack on Tito was led by Zhdanov, who was at that time the most probable heir-presumptive of Stalin.

Apart from the hypothetical jealousy of the Russian pretenders to the leadership of World Communism, there was another rival who had obvious reason to engineer Tito's downfall. He was Georgi Dimitrov, who had previously held the highest position in the Communist hierarchy, though not on his own merit. Himself a creation of the Russians, Dimitrov would hardly dare crossing their will. But he naturally desired to be the tallest Communist outside Russia. Bulgaria was too small a country to give him the requisite power. (The Communists think exclusively in

terms of power). As the head of a Federation of the Balkan States, he would grow in stature. But the idea of a Bal-



kan Federation is old, traditionally associated with parochial resistance to imperialist Pan-Slavism. Having exploited nationalism for their own purposes, the Russians would not perpetuate the tradition in the form of a political organisation. So, they put the foot down on Dimitrov's ambition; and he swallowed the rebuff as a disciplined Communist.

But the idea revived by him could not be disciplined into silence. Except for the top leaders indoctrinated in Russia, Communism in the Balkans is nationalism painted red, and the leaders themselves are often compelled to give in to the pressure of the prevailing atmosphere. So Dimitrov knuckled down under the whip cracked in Moscow, but for the idea of a Balkan Federation and also for other sins of omission and commission, he was taken to task, and excommunicated for not recanting.

Dimitrov came victorious out of the struggle for supremacy in the non-Russian Communist world. But the victory seems to have been very ephemeral. While his excommunicated rival still holds his position against Russian-engineered internal intrigues, economic boycott and military threats, Dimitrov goes on an indefinite

period of leave for some sudden illness. Dmitrov's quiet departure from the Balkan scene, preceded by the arrest of his foremost lieutenant and the unostentatious transfer of the premiership to his opponent, have caused a mild surprise. Though carried out with the least possible noise, it is nothing short of a palace revolution. If the dramatised hero of the notorious Reichstag fire trial was really ill, some shadow of sadness would be cast upon the Communist world, and there would be some stir of anxiety. It can be safely assumed that the report of his illness is false; he has incurred the displeasure of the Russians; and they cannot afford to risk the possibility of revolt of another veteran of World Communism, while Tito still holds out. Therefore, instead of the weapon of public censure, unsuccessfully used against Tito, a quiet removal in time has been preferred in the case of Dmitrov. Tito's example might encourage others.

Dmitrov is in disgrace. That is a fact which most probably will attract little attention. What caused his downfall may also be never known, although there is enough evidence to the effect that it is a sequel to Tito's hitherto successful defiance. To inflame the violent passion of Macedonian parochialism has been a part of the Russian effort to break Tito's resistance. But it is playing with fire; there are Macedonians not only in Yugoslavia, but also in Bulgaria and the Communist-controlled part of Greece. Therefore, the Russians are compelled to advocate the creation of a Macedonian State at the cost of all the three, as a counter-move to Tito's having sponsored the same plan with the object of weakening Bulgaria and Communist Greece. General Markos as well as Dmitrov must have opposed the plan, although the creation of a Macedonian State was a part of Dmitrov's idea of Balkan Federation. But then, he was to be the head of the whole Federation, which would allow as much autonomy to the constituent units as the U.S.S.R. Consequently, both had to go. Markos, who did not enjoy much prestige, was removed first. Dmitrov followed.

So ends the career of a man who leaped into prominence in the early thirties, to be the General Secretary of the Communist International and hold that high position in the Communist hierarchy until the Comintern was dissolved. The Comintern has since been replaced by the Cominform; nevertheless Dmitrov is "Cominterned," as many a greater Communist previously was. Non-Russian Communist opposition leaders are treated more mercifully than the sons of the soil. They are invited to Moscow on one or another pretext and are not allowed to go back. The more important of them are given nominal

positions in some secondary institution, and practically thrown into the scrap-heap of wasted human material. This crafty method of liquidating opposition leaders came to be known as "Cominternment." The house—Hotel Lux—allotted for the purpose, used to be called the "Museum of Revolution." One of the innumerable pointed witticisms credited to Karl Radek was that everybody of any importance in the history of the Communist movement was to be found there, including Marx—of course, his disembodied spirit. Once upon a time, Dmitrov lived in the Hotel Lux while serving his apprenticeship for a subsequent career.

I remember his first appearance there. It was some time in 1924. The failure of the second German revolution was followed by several counter-revolutionary coups in Eastern Europe. The overthrow of the Bulgarian peasant leader Stambulsky from office was one of them. The few Communists of the time supported the Peasant Party. Stambulsky having declined to risk a civil war when the entire army went with Tsankov, the Communists tried to capture power through insurrection. It was localised, and provoked a widespread massacre in the countryside. One of the leaders of the adventure, Dmitrov, managed to flee, and reach Moscow to report. One Dr. Popov was Bulgarian delegate on the Executive Committee of the putsch and persuaded the Executive Committee of the Comintern (ECCI) to endorse his view. Dmitrov found a place in the Museum of Revolution.

On his first appearance behind the wings of the stage which he was to dominate with all the footlights turned upon him, he was his real self—an uncouth country cousin—a burly peasant with a shock of grisly hair. He could speak no language except his mother-tongue, although its being very much akin to the Russian, he soon picked it up. His mind was no more polished than his exterior; but that regrettable shortcoming was his title to be the representative of his people. Dmitrov therefore began as a natural leader of his people, and as the personification of the latter's backwardness, fell with the European sophistication of Dr. Popov who had learned Marxism in a German University.

If sincerity is a virtue, it may also breed the vice of fanaticism. Dmitrov's sincere belief that the Bulgarian peasants were pining for a bloodbath which they got thanks to his leadership, disputed Dr. Popov's honesty; and before long, suspected of being an agent provocateur, he disappeared mysteriously. A short period of apprenticeship thus qualified Dmitrov to find a corner in the Communist underworld.

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# A WALK IN A GARDEN



(By SWATANTRA Reporter)

**T**HERE is a man in Madras who is that rare being, a genuine and real horticulturist. I don't mean a gardener. Roget's Thesaurus explains "horticulture" as the "economy or management of plants." A horticulturist is then one who "manages" plants. Well, that is exactly what I mean.

Mr. Indra Sen whose garden in the Gemini Studios was awarded the first prize in the recent Madras Garden Competition is unlike anyone associated with plant, herb, tree, shrub, bush or creeper I had ever met before. I had always imagined a gardener was someone old and stooped and bent, never anybody less than sixty-five, who shuffled along the wilderness one called one's garden pulling out a weed here and a weed there and remaining a part of the discreet background when one showed one's friends round the outer precincts of one's house. He would have a small grandchild whom he carried on his shoulders when he visited the master of the

house on Deepavali morning. He did nothing much and his occasional perambulations round the verdurous disorder which shut out the house from the outside world, deceived nobody. But he rendered many small services for the sons and daughters of the house, like carrying small notes to their friends, going down the well to fish up the silver tumbler that the baby son had inadvertently thrown into it and such like. Invariably he explained in great detail the reason for the lack of fruits or flowers on the trees and plants, but the fact remained all the same that one never felt justified to boast of one's garden to one's friends. It was usually a picture of genteel poverty and faded respectability and everyone, including the gardener, was content to let it remain so.

Mr. Indra Sen is neither stooped nor bowed and he has a good many years to work off indeed to reach sixty-five. He is tall and rather mas-

sive with a round face and a mop of black hair who could at the unkindest estimate be not more than forty. In fact, he looks rather like a lovable drawing master with a sense of humour. What is unusual in him is not that he loves the flowers and plants and trees he tends but that he *believes* in them. He not only expects flowers to bloom and trees to grow where and when he wants them to do so but he feels personally hurt when they *don't* do so. But for all that, his love for his garden, it seemed to me, had also a passionless quality about it.

"I don't know why everyone thinks there can't be a garden without a lawn," he said. "Look at this. It has no lawn. In fact, I think a lawn spoils the very purpose of a garden."

Most people thought, he said, that a garden was something like a background for the house, like the gold in which the diamond is set. But a garden, according to Mr. Sen, was an entity by itself with a separate existence. It was almost like a foil to the house. The hard stone and cement structure built by man standing side

by side with the cool, shady, labyrinthine structure built by God's trees.

"That is why," said Mr. Sen, "I feel lawn defeats the very purpose of a garden. You can't spend a lazy, cool afternoon on a lawn. But you can spend a cool afternoon any day of even the hottest summer in this garden of mine."

Mr. Sen's garden is not really a garden. It is an experiment in gardening. It is in two parts—one which sprawls all over the studios and winds its serpentine way between the buildings, up walls, round cisterns or stands as isolated islands of greenery all over the place. The other part is the circumscribed mass of garden standing at the entrance. It is a small garden and there is no delicacy about it, no daintiness or fastidiousness. It is like a well-tended wood. One got at once an impression of massiveness, of heaviness, of density. As if every leaf and twig in it had been hewn out of rock. But in incongruous combination was its coolness, its freshness, its colourfulness and variety.

## PATRUDU'S

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This garden, it seemed to me, was the final result of dozens of experiments in horticulture. Everything about the place proclaimed it. There were plants in pots buried in the ground, slung to the branches of trees, embedded in rocks. A smooth red path twisted and turned among the trees, now rising, now falling, now leading to a small bridge or a pool with lotuses. And from the thick green foliage all around peeped out flowers of every description, yellow, blue and red and heliotrope. There was a freshness about the place but at the same time an impression that everything had been ordered, arranged, managed and subdued. It was a miniature park. There were coconut trees which had been felled and then supported up in a horizontal position by poles and made to grow sideways. There was a tree whose trunk was coiled like a snake.

"I am going to turn that one," said Mr. Sen pointing to another, "into a mongoose."

There was something else too. The garden presented a constantly-changing picture as we shifted our position from one angle of view to another. But the impression of density remained. It had obviously been designed not only to serve as a cool refuge on warm afternoons but with an eye on availability for use in a cinema production. It was not the sort of place one could relax in—in spite of Mr. Sen's claim that one could spend a whole afternoon in it and forget one was outdoors—nor was it the sort of place where one could have a cosy party with a few friends. It was too cramped for one thing. There was hardly any level place, for another. The path was either sloping down or ascending, or worse twisting itself between or around trees. The trouble was that too many effects had been aimed at in a limited area and hence the resultant impression of overcrowding and closeness.

The other part of the garden was as exotic and erratic as a child's imagination. There were creepers which

covered the outside walls of a whole studio like a thick green blanket; there were creepers whose long, thin stems grew down from the roof attaining a pretty curtained perfection. Another creeper clustered in dark green profusion over a doorway.

"That creeper," explained Mr. Sen proudly, "is better than these herbageous curtains people use during summer time. This absorbs the heat and light. That only cools the air which passes through it."

Grafting, I discovered, was Mr. Indra Sen's forte. He is as particular about it and takes as much pains over it and derives as much joy out of it as a father out of the marriages of his daughters. I saw a dozen instances in which a plant was "fixed in" or "run up" another. They stood all over the place, the incongruous parents of a coming hybrid generation. There were innumerable potted plants, tall, short, trimmed and untrimmed, flowery and non-flowery. There were arches which could be kept green throughout the year by a process known as "renewal." The garden had the beauty not of naturalness untampered with but of a luxuriance carefully tempered into seeming intemperance, curbed to an apparent unruliness and trimmed to an outward voluptuousness. The freedom of growth of the plants was restricted, one felt, but within those bounds, very often by no means narrow, they took infinite liberties. In fact, the plants were encouraged to take liberties. Mr. Sen stood guard over them like a fond parent, indulgent, proud and ready to help in case of mishap. His handling of the plants themselves was characteristic. It had a touch of familiarity, as if he was aware of all their foibles, fancies and weaknesses and knew all the ups and downs of their past history. He is not merely a man interested in gardening. He is a gardener, florist, cultivator, sower, backwoodsman and forester all in one and his garden, richly deserving of a prize, reflects an imagination, restrained yet capricious and full of surprises and novelties.

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This story was once circulated in Moscow: Stalin proposed that the Comintern announce itself dissolved. Another member of the Politburo asked, "But who will believe it?" Stalin replied "The Intellectuals."

# Letters To The Editor

*This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.*

## "Spoils Of Patronage"

I am no politician. Nor do I cherish any political ambitions. My field of public service lies far beyond party, communal, linguistic and other such considerations. For, one may rightly ask what has health work to do with these unhealthy features that mar Madras public life. As such, I owe an apology for giving my views on this quasi-political affair.

The other day, I met Sri R. Suryanarayana Rao, M.L.C., (who has defended the Ministers' action in a letter to you) at a social function. He was formerly connected with the Servants of India Society from which he must have imbibed the lofty ideals of Gokhale. Knowing as I did all this and also something about the circumstances which led to his severing his connections with that society, I was naturally curious to find out why he was all ablaze with fury when SAKA drew public attention to certain actions of the Madras Ministry. In the course of our conversation, Sri Suryanarayana Rao revealed to me that he had seen the files whence it was sun-clear to him that the Ministers were in the right and SAKA in the wrong. This chat was in the presence of two members of the Civil Service, who stood looking on apparently thunderstruck at the revelation that he had access to the official files! After that chat, I am tempted to present to the public my views on the multi-faced question. It must however be clear that I am not interested in either the Ministers or SAKA. I only want that right should be done and wrong eschewed.

The official records which Sri Suryanarayana Rao has admittedly seen must have been shown to him by the Minister or Ministers concerned. It is too much to expect a highhanded action like the exhibition of confidential official files to non-official scrutiny, to take place below ministerial levels. This leads one to wonder whether the popular Ministers concerned have no more respect for the oath of secrecy they took on the eve of their assumption of office, than they have for the sweet promises they made to the public before and after their elevation to the ministerial gadis.

I fail to see what stood in the way of the Ministers themselves coming forward with a statement refuting SAKA, instead of leaving it to a friendly legislator nominated to the Legislative Council, to defend their actions. This would have been more honourable. The concluding portions of

Sri Suryanarayana Rao's letter show him to be violently prejudiced in favour of the Ministers. He has shown himself to be an interested advocate and not an impartial judge on the affair. Hence, his letter is calculated more to defend the Ministers than to lay bare the facts of the case to the public.

Years ago, we had occasion to see a famous Premier of Madras actually going out of the way to prevent his friends and relatives obtaining any benefit, even if such a benefit was just, well-deserved or perfectly legitimate. He called it the 'penalty' which his friends or relatives had to pay for having him as the Premier! Today, unfortunately, the position seems just the reverse.

Sri Suryanarayana Rao, with all his internal knowledge of the affairs of our administration, has not revealed in his letter whether the concerned Ministers have recorded anywhere in the files that the directors of the Oil Mills are related to any of them. If the Hon'ble Ministers have not made that fact a secret, then SAKA is indeed blame-worthy. For, all other conditions being satisfied, there is no reason why the Oil Mills should not obtain State aid, **provided the relationship of the directors to the Minister was made clear on record.** This ought to be ascertained by anybody in authority choosing to probe into the matter any further.

SAKA cannot hope to rectify the present Ministry or secure a better one by such revelations. He should have known that charges, though not public, have been made against past Ministers too. Charges are also being made against those in power today. If the present ferment of Madras politics continues no future Ministry too, would go untrammelled. SAKA should continue to maintain the high level of his latest SIDELIGHTS and make it clear to all that he is not interested in accusing or praising particular individuals. Policies and not Ministers should be the target for his pen. He should make it abundantly clear that his sole object is to purge the Congress of all undesirable elements, **whoever these may be.** SAKA'S SIDELIGHTS should serve to make our Ministers control their petty though human feelings and lay down personalities outside the portals of Fort St. George.

"The pressure of public opinion is like the pressure of the atmosphere; you can't see it—but, all the same, it is sixteen pounds to the square inch."

—J. R. LOWELL.

A. V. RAMAN.

Madras.



## II

It has caused no small surprise to find Mr. Suryanarayana Rao entering a vigorous defence of the grant of Government loan of ten lakhs to the Sudarsan Mills. Mr. Rao naively asks, "Is it fair to debar a concern from assistance merely because some or all the directors happen to be the near relatives of one of the Hon'ble Ministers?", and goes on in the same strain to observe "State aid is one of the recognised forms of assistance and to receive it or give it cannot be considered as part of 'spoils of patronage' simply because one of the Ministers is or was interested in the concern." The voice of enlightened democracy would certainly refuse the answer Mr. Rao is eagerly seeking for.

Whatever be the collective responsibility of the Government in the matter on hand, be it remembered, the potent voice in matters pecuniary is that of the Finance Minister, and it is the latter who was a director of the Mills in question. Broad wholesome principles designed to ensure purity in public administration, cannot, I am afraid, be easily brought home to Mr. Rao, when one finds him in a mood to condone similar diversion of State funds even to concerns in which the Ministers have interest *de facto* and *de jure* in present.

The grant in question being claimed to have been sanctioned by the Ministry as a whole, the entire Ministry headed by the corruption-hunter Mr. Omandur Reddiar, more than the Finance Minister, should be made responsible for the violation involved of the sound principles governing public conduct.

Mr. Rao's letter betrays the source of the defence also. It looks as if we are hearing the voice of the Finance Minister and the former Minister for Industries. Information pertaining to matters in the secret files of the Government seems to have trickled down to Mr. Rao. The Minister who was advisedly reticent on the floor of the Assembly seems to be speaking through Mr. Rao. The other day Mr. Gopala Reddi was sermonising to the Secretariat staff to see that there was no leakage of official information. It looks

as if the Ministers are privileged to volunteer secret information if it would serve their personal ends, despite the oaths of secrecy they had taken on assumption of office.

K. N. PAUL.

Madura.

## III

The public cannot accept the view that because the Advisers' regime sponsored the Vanaspati industry, the Madras Ministry should go to its aid. The people gave the Congress a mandate to implement its election manifesto and not to ditto the line of the Advisers' regime.

The State Aid to Industries Act was meant for helping cottage and the like Industries and this was affirmed by the Industrial Planning Committee of which Mr. R. S. Rao was a member.

One can safely assert that the authorities did not strictly comply with the rules of the Act and the simple recording of evidence from objectors as required by the Act was also not done in some cases. The least that can be done to restore public confidence is to submit the whole episode to an impartial tribunal.

While the Ministry pleaded paucity of funds for many an essential reform, the way State funds were distributed to Oil Mills and the like cast a reflection on the bonafides of these transactions and the readers are grateful to SAKA for bringing to light these matters, though they may be unpalatable to the persons concerned and their friends.

T. B. MOORTHY.

Kalahasti.

## Trains To Vizag

With reference to a letter appearing in SWATANTRA of 12-2-1949, entitled "No local goes to Vizag," from 1-4-1949 the previous passenger trains each way between Ellore and Cocanada have been extended to run between Ellore and Waltair with connections between Samalkot and Cocanada.

S. R. SHARMA,  
Public Relations Officer,  
M. & S. M. Railway.

"The really frightening thing about modern war is not the destruction it causes, even if that involves our civilisation itself. It is not that men and women suffer—suffering is an essential feature of the world and human life is always being destroyed by natural causes, often in tragic circumstances. The frightening thing is that with modern scientific weapons the sense of responsibility is so weakened and the imagination so dulled that men do by indirect means what they could never bring themselves to do directly, and so make themselves the voluntary agents of indiscriminate massacre."—Dr. ALEXANDER WOOD.





